

The story unfolded in these pages is one of excitement and adventure, of dogged perseverance and thrilling achievement. Too long has it remained untold; for it brings us the heartening reminder that the assurance attached to the "Great Commission" still holds; "Lo, I am with you alway. . ."

The Inland South America Missionary Union, under which both Mr. and Mrs. Whittington served, divided some years ago to merge into two different Missions, the South America Inland Mission, and the Inland South America Missionary Union. Under the auspices of these bodies the pioneer work, so courageously done by the Whittingtons and their associates, is still being vigorously prosecuted.



Prior to his ordination to missionary service in South America, Mr. Whittington served a useful apprenticeship as missionary with the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and as a lay Missionary in Glasgow. In 1907 he took up work of a pioneer nature in South America under the auspices of the Inland South America Missionary Union and continued in that service until 1925 when he was recalled to take up special duties in the Home-land. This book is the story of those years.

In 1932 Mr. Whittington accepted a call to Shettleston Free Church of Scotland where he prosecuted a gracious and fruitful ministry until his retirement in 1956.

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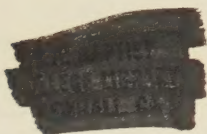
ON THE INDIAN TRAIL IN PARAGUAY AND BRAZIL

The Struggles and Triumphs encountered by a Missionary
seeking Jewels

BY

THE REV. H. WHITTINGTON

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Foreword

BY THE REV. A. M. RENWICK, M.A., B.D., D.D., D.LITT.,
PROFESSOR EMERITUS, FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, EDINBURGH

It has given me exceptional pleasure to read Mr. Whittington's book, *On the Indian Trail in Paraguay and Brazil*, the struggles and triumphs encountered by a missionary seeking jewels.

The author entered Paraguay in 1907 to labour among the Indians of that region—an old virile race which had never been subjugated, not even by the Incas who ruled so vast an area of South America.

A few years later, having been successful in establishing a mission in Paraguay, he broke new ground by entering into Matto Grosso in the extreme west of Brazil. In those days there were few Protestant missionaries in South America.

To enter into the remote inland regions of Paraguay and Matto Grosso, as did Mr. Whittington, was indeed a very real adventure. His book is valuable as casting a light on the primitive life and customs of South American Indians who had little contact with Europeans. It reveals the dauntless courage and boundless faith of an intrepid missionary. Only a man of unusual strength could have faced the physical hardships and ceaseless adventures which are related in this work.

As one who has had the privilege of spending many happy years in South America I can vouch for the accuracy of this narrative, the reading of which has given me great delight.

The author, who is now in his eighty-sixth year, had no intention of writing a book. About a year ago, however, he was persuaded by friends to put his thrilling reminiscences into writing. He has done so for the glory of God. The success which

followed on his difficult missionary work was very great. This hardy pioneer had a faith in God which never wavered under any conditions, and the noble work which he established in that remote area of South America is a veritable triumph of faith.

It is worth recording that, after finishing his long period of service in the Mission Field, he became pastor of a struggling congregation in Glasgow where he displayed the same indomitable qualities as in his previous career. Hard work and adventure have suited him, for he is still hale and hearty.

Note: Since writing the above Foreword, Dr. Renwick was suddenly translated to higher service in the Master's nearer Presence—H. W.

Preface

DURING a prolonged spell of illness spent in the Glasgow Western Infirmary after two severe operations, I was led to relate to the nurses who so kindly attended me, some of our experiences encountered while seeking to carry the Gospel to the Indians of Paraguay and Brazil. They, with others who had heard some of the incidents, urged me to put into print the many experiences encountered on the Mission Field. Following their advice I have now, in my old age, endeavoured to give a partial account of our struggles and triumphs in that distant land.

As the tale of our experiences has grown much longer than anticipated, I required to omit many accounts of God's faithfulness in the midst of peril, when the writer's life was in danger, and the Indian believer's steadfastness in protecting the missionary (though unknown to him at the time) from the gun-man's rifle.

Many of the experiences mentioned in the following pages have appeared in *South America's Indians* (the magazine of the Mission under which the work referred to was carried out) as well as in various other periodicals.

The material has now been drastically revised. My warmest thanks is due to those who so kindly assisted in any arrangements given and advice bestowed.

H. W.

To my courageous wife and fellow pioneer in most of the struggles and triumphs experienced in the Interior of South America, and to our devoted eldest daughter, Iné, who has cared for us so unselfishly in our advanced years, this volume is affectionally dedicated.

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Part One

Chapter One

A SOMBRE HISTORY OF PARAGUAY

WHAT might the object of your journey be, may I ask? Are you in search of diamonds or other precious stones? Such, in effect, were the questions addressed to us, as we travelled northward over the dusty track in the interior of South America. All unknowingly, the wayfaring stranger came nearer the real purpose of our fatiguing journey than he had imagined. For the one and only purpose we had in view was to seek jewels for the Saviour's crown. But we were destined to prove that the task in which we were engaged was much more exacting and more rigorous in its demands than that of finding treasures which are so highly prized by men of the world.

We began our missionary labours in the early part of 1907, sailing from Glasgow on the 14th of March. Our first field of service was in the inland Republic of Paraguay, which, from an economic and political standpoint, was one of the poorest and most backward of all the republics of the continent. But if the political and economic state of the country was in a chaotic condition, the moral and spiritual state of the people was beyond description: the spiritual darkness was intense. However, the ignorance, the superstition, and the moral degradation existing in the land cannot rightly be wholly attributed to the inhabitants alone, but rather to the members of the Church in this and in other lands who, possessing the Gospel Light, sinfully withheld it from the Paraguayans, allowing the emissaries of Rome to rob them of their spiritual heritage.

The sombre history of that inland republic clearly reveals the fact that true Christianity was withheld from the inhabitants of

Paraguay, permitting the forces of darkness to become more firmly established in the land. For we learn that while Pizarro was conquering Peru, slaughtering the natives and laying the country in ruins in his mad quest for gold, Pedro Mendoza, with fourteen sail, well armed, was pursuing his way further south. Arriving at Buenos Aires and Corpus Christi, he built forts, and from the latter sent his men to explore the country. Falling ill, however, according to the historians—Senores Teram, Gamba and Garay—he placed Ayolas in command and returned to Spain.

Ayolas, with a number of his followers, set out for the far interior; sailing a thousand miles up the rivers Parana and Paraguay, he endeavoured to land at a place which he afterward named Asuncion where he was fiercely opposed by two powerful Indian chiefs and their followers. The daring Spaniard, however, was not to be turned aside by an army of redskins, and after a hard struggle the Indians were forced to retire to a stronger position. Here they were besieged by Ayolas and his followers. After three days of grim fighting they were compelled to surrender, the heavy guns of the Spaniards proving too much for the lighter bows and arrows used by the Indians. One of the stipulations forced upon the conquered people was to build a fort for their conquerors, which was named Asuncion in commemoration of the victory gained on the 15th August, 1536.

Ayolas continued his conquest of Paraguay in his quest for gold. But not satisfied with the victories gained or the spoils taken, he decided to start, with a small body of men, through forest and swamp, toward Peru. When at last their desire for gold was, to some extent, satisfied, and their long weary march forgotten in sensual delight over the quantity of plunder obtained, they decided to return to their former comrades and the recently erected fort at Asuncion. But, alas! that band of fearless adventurers were never destined to meet their former companions or re-enter the fort erected by the conquered natives. For we learn that on their homeward journey they were ambushed by a band of Indians who overpowered and mercilessly slew every man.

Iala, on hearing of the death of Ayolas, assumed command of

the garrison, and generously portioned out the land to his favourite followers. Word having reached Spain of the newly annexed territory, and of the death of Ayolas, Alves Nunez Cabeza de Vaca was commissioned as representative of the Spanish throne and Governor of the new country. Cow-head—for so is his name by interpretation—made many raids on the natives of Paraguay, bringing thousands in chains to Asuncion to serve in the erection of buildings and to do the menial work of the city. But Nunez, whose tyrannical rule left bloodstains wherever he went, was deposed and sent to Spain a prisoner, where he had ample time to ponder over the unhappy victims of his despotic sway in Paraguay.

The Paraguayan tragedy is that, year after year, the same cruel work went on until the country and people lay wasted and bleeding at the feet of the conquerors. Corruption and licentious living abounded on every hand. Law and order were little practised. Not content with the spoliation of the natives, the Spaniards often turned their swords against their fellows, so that, at times, the city became a theatre of war. These internal strifes encouraged the Indians to attempt to cast off the yoke of the oppressor and enjoy, once again, the freedom of former days. It was therefore with the utmost difficulty their chiefs could hold them in check. Indeed, it was in connection with an uprising among the Indians that one of the blackest deeds that stain the chequered history of Paraguay was perpetrated. Month after month the guerrilla warfare continued; in vain did the Spaniards endeavour to bring the natives under. At last a truce was declared, and three hundred chief men were invited to a consultation and banquet. The unsuspecting chiefs accepted the invitation and partook freely of the Spanish viands which were amply provided. The hours passed gaily with song and dance, and the Indians, forgetting the strife, under the influence of the white man's drink, became drowsy after the night's feasting, and fell into unconscious sleep. Now was the Spaniards' hour for action. The net was well laid, and in the morning the bodies of three hundred brave warriors lay lifeless, while their blood stained the turf of their motherland. The

Indians, who waited in vain for the return of their chiefs, were soon routed. Broken in spirit by the foul deed of treachery, they were easily subdued and brought back to a life of bondage.

The succeeding governors present a medley of peculiar characters. For the most part they were ignorant, licentious and tyrannical men whose chief aim was the enrichment of themselves and their friends, while the natives groaned under the oppressive yoke of slavery and their fair land lay in ruins.

Of all the Spanish rulers of that distant period perhaps the most humane and peace-loving was Hernando Arias. Instead of using the sword, he sought to conquer by the teaching of the Church. Eighty years of Spanish rule had not elevated the Indian but rather depraved him morally, destroyed his romantic home life, ruined his country and robbed him of his freedom. When Hernando Arias was elected Governor he sought to mitigate the suffering of the Indians and bring them under subjection by other means than the sword. The first church building in Paraguay was erected in the year 1547—eleven years after the foundation of the capital—and a bishop appointed, but the work of the priest was mostly confined to Asuncion and neighbourhood, where the greater number of the Spaniards with their concubines and slaves lived. Little was done for the natives. The Jesuits having been expelled from Brazil because of their malpractices, were introduced to educate the Paraguayans in the doctrine of Rome.

A number of villages were handed over to these new-comers who took complete control of all religious and civil rights of the community. To each village two priests were appointed by, and were responsible to, the provincial head of the "Society of Jesus." The senior attended to the spiritual life of the inhabitants, while the junior had charge of the secular and business affairs. All men and women were obliged to work at their appointed tasks; the women to weave and make garments, while the men did the agricultural work, attended to the herds of cattle, and gathered and prepared yerba maté (the Paraguayan tea) for exportation to Europe. The necessary produce for home consumption was placed in a common store and served out to each

family according to its needs. Living cost little, and payments were nil. The surplus was exported and the proceeds went to the enrichment of the Society. In this way thousands of dollars were brought annually to the Jesuits' treasury.

The inhabitants assembled each morning and marched in procession through the village carrying a crucifix and images accompanied with music and singing; the day closed with a similar performance. The Indians were treated as children, and taught to reverence their spiritual guides. So cleverly was the organisation manipulated that the "Society of Jesus" prospered exceedingly without benefiting the people or enriching the country.

It is true that the Indians, under the Jesuits, were saved from the tyranny of the colonists, but the system tended to lower the morale of the Indians and darken their minds, so that, as overgrown children, they were led on in blind faith to enrich the clergy. Instead of being educated, uplifted and ennobled, they were converted into fanatical slaves. (See Dr. Griesinger's history of the Jesuits.)

This social system lasted for more than a century and a half. When the Jesuits were expelled, the organisation collapsed and the natives, unaccustomed to think for themselves, were left a prey to all political parties.

After the expulsion of the Jesuits the country was the scene of more strife, revolution and bloodshed. The colonists, themselves of European descent, were taxed beyond measure, while the representatives of the crown enriched themselves and lived voluptuously. Weary of Spain's despotic sway, the colonists threw off the Spanish yoke, and on the 14th May, 1811, declared Paraguay a republic.

Dr. Francia—after three years—was elected President and retained office until his death. Dr. Francia is named by Carlyle as one of the greatest heroes of his race.

For twenty-six years he reigned as dictator, claiming the right to appoint all officials and members of councils. His term of administration reveals a man of peculiar capricious temperament,

astute mind and strong will-power, but deeply attached to his country, with a strong dislike for all Europeans. One of his first acts was to abolish the Inquisition and establish religious freedom. Little regard was shown for the debauched priesthood. In Dr. Francia's estimation (and none knew better than he) their presence in the country was more demoralising than helpful. He encouraged family relationships between the settlers and the Indians, but all marriages performed by the priest without his sanction were declared invalid.

Much could be written about this talented and zealous patriot, but his biography lies outwith our present object. Suffice it to say that he did more for his country than any who had gone before. He raised her to a position of peace and prosperity unknown since the conquerors set their oppressive feet on her soil. Dr. Francia died on 20th September, 1840, at the ripe age of seventy-four years.

After the death of Dr. Francia, Carlos A. Lopez was elected President. Under his rule Paraguay continued to enjoy a time of tranquillity. New laws were introduced; slavery was abolished; industry was encouraged, and business prospered. Lopez retained office for a period of eighteen years, and after a prolonged and painful illness, he died, deeply mourned by a sorrowing people.

Francisco Solano Lopez, who represented Paraguay at the European courts, was elected President after the death of his father. Great things were expected from this talented man; Congress and the people held him in high esteem and conferred on him many honours. But, alas! their hopes were soon shattered as they beheld their country being slowly ruined by his over-reaching ambition. One of his first acts was to reorganise the army, build forts and gather in recruits, until the country was severely oppressed. These aggressive movements were jealously watched by the surrounding nations, and all were in a state of unrest.

A revolution broke out in Uruguay, and Brazil, taking undue advantage of the internal strife, claimed compensation for supposed damages which Brazilian subjects received from the hands

of the Uruguayans. The Uruguayan minister in Asuncion asked Paraguay to arbitrate, but her counsel was rejected by Brazil. Lopez protested against Brazil's renewed threats, but without success, and relations between the two countries was severed. A Brazilian steamer on her way up-river was seized and her passengers and crew were detained as prisoners and exposed to rigorous treatment. War was immediately declared, and Lopez dispatched a number of men to raid the State of Matto Grosso. Coimbra, Corumba and several other places were taken. Houses and shops were looted, women were outraged and the dead mutilated. The Paraguayans returned in triumph to Asuncion carrying with them many prisoners and much plunder.

The Argentine press attacked Lopez and condemned these monstrous atrocities and his high-handed policy. Because of these attacks, and Argentina's refusal to permit the Paraguayan army to cross their territory into southern Brazil, a brutal attack was made upon two Argentine ships as they lay, unsuspectingly, at anchor in the river. The crews made a noble stand, but being surprised and outnumbered were soon defeated.

When news of this outrage reached Buenos Aires the inhabitants became indignant and war was immediately declared.

An alliance was formed between Brazil, Argentina, and the successful revolutionary government of Uruguay. They swore that they would not return from the field of battle until Lopez was deposed. Operations were speedily begun, and for five long years one of the most cruel wars in the annals of history continued, until Paraguay was left stripped, bleeding and bare, with a handful of half-starved women and a few men to repopulate the land. For every eleven women, it is said, there was only one man left; some of them old or incapacitated.

Lopez and his army were completely routed. After some months of guerrilla warfare he was surrounded at Cerro Cora, and on the 1st March, 1870, was slain. Probably there never existed a more avaricious, bloodthirsty or revengeful tyrant than Francisco Solano Lopez. He obtained office when Paraguay was at the height of her industrial prosperity. When he died the

country was ruined and the earth drenched with the blood of her sons.

Since those dark days of needless bloodshed Paraguay has been slowly moving forward. But internal strife, resulting in numerous revolutions, hinders her material progress. It has been truly said that the political and material state of the country is on a par with her religious and social condition. Because of the unenlightened state of the people intellectually and morally, she remains one of the weakest and most impoverished of all the South American republics.

Such was the state of the country into which the missionary entered in 1907 in search of Crown Jewels for the Redeemer.

Chapter Two

HORQUETA

OUR personal work began in the large village of Horqueta, which lies toward the north of the Republic. This proved to be a most strategic centre from which to reach the smaller villages and scattered communities lying in the vicinity. Horqueta is one of the most picturesque villages in the northern region of the country, nestling as it does on the brow of a sloping ridge, with an exquisite background of evergreen trees of varied hues; a gurgling stream flows gently down the valley, leaving a pool of refreshing water in which the inhabitants were wont to bathe. From a climatic standpoint Horqueta was an ideal place in which to live. Though the climate could be hot, yet the heat was never excessive.

We rented a small house, sufficient to meet our needs while learning the language—the official language is Spanish, but the language spoken by most of the people in the interior is Guarani. Seeing that the owner seemed eager to let us have the house at a reasonable rent, we were somewhat surprised when a messenger came to inform us that the owner required the premises. No reason was given for this rapid change of mind. We had taken possession of the house on Saturday evening. The Sabbath had just passed when on the Monday we received notice to quit. In due time we discovered the real reason for our eviction. After we had rented the house, a swift-footed informer, who had no more love for the Word of God than his master, went to the priest and imparted the news that two missionaries had rented a house in his parish with the intention of making the Gospel known to the people in and around Horqueta. The fact that this Judas-like

informers, with whom we talked before renting the house, and who posed as our friend who would be willing to help, should help be required, claimed to be a Britisher, did not sweeten the first cup of our experience in Horqueta.

The priest, on hearing this dreadful story, sent for the owner and commanded him to evict us without delay on pain of excommunication. Steps had also been taken to prevent us from finding another place in which to find shelter. However, the owner of the house was not unreasonable, for he permitted us to remain with a roof over our heads while we searched for another. A week had almost gone, and our efforts to find other premises seemed fruitless. On Friday a religious "Fiesta" fell due. The priest seized this opportunity to inflame the people against us. He preached a special sermon denouncing the foreign intruders as sons of the devil. Saturday—All Souls' Day—was another Feast Day, and under threat of being stoned we were compelled to leave the house. The battle for the souls of men in Horqueta had begun in real earnest. Although confronted by the power of darkness, and in no small danger of being stoned, we were not unduly cast down or discouraged. We had the assurance that He who had called us to bring the light of salvation to those whose minds were darkened by sin and superstition would not forsake us in our hour of need. And the Lord, who is ever faithful, at the hour of our extremity came to offer us, through a man in the village, an old dilapidated cowshed or hen-house if we cared to have it. We decided to take possession, believing the offer came from the Lord.

For this ramshackle shelter, with the light of day shining through the large holes in the roof, we were charged two dollars each per day, which in Paraguayan exchange equalled a sum of £24 6s. 8d. per annum. We entered our new abode on Saturday. On Monday I was summoned to appear before the Chief of Police for an interview. He questioned me regarding our present and future intentions and wished to know if we intended to speak against the priest, the Church or the Virgin. I could only reply that our sole reason for coming to Paraguay was not to break

the law of the land but to preach the Gospel of the grace of God as the Lord had commanded us to do. I promised to give him a copy of the Scriptures that he might see for himself the message we came to proclaim. The Chief appeared to be quite satisfied with the explanation given. Then he informed me that the priest had ordered him to imprison us or banish us from the district. But he declared that so long as we kept within the bounds of the law, and as religious liberty was permitted, Paraguay being a free country, he was powerless to carry out the priest's commands. Then he made known the fact that the women were armed ready to attack us, and instructed me to advise him on any occasion of molestation, when he would give protection. This, I am glad to say, was never necessary. The priest left the same day for another part of his parish and things remained quiet during his absence.

We were compelled to remain for a considerable time in our unattractive and not over hygienic cowshed. Although our shelter may not have been an ideal home into which we might invite strangers, yet to some of us it became a very Bethel, for God was there. From our lowly dwelling we were enabled to go forth and make known to the people, as well as our limited vocabulary permitted, the marvellous story of the God of Bethel whose love was such that He gave His only begotten Son to redeem a world of sinful men in which the inhabitants of Horqueta were included. And the wonder of His birth was that He chose to be born not in a palace, but in a lowly cattle-shed; not welcomed by the people, but despised and rejected of men, and crucified on a Roman cross outside the city walls.

The people, on hearing for the first time the free Gospel of salvation, usually listened attentively, as with stammering tongue and halting speech we endeavoured to tell them the story of redeeming grace. To these people who were nourished on superstition, and accustomed to pay a goodly price for the so-called spiritual benefits bestowed, the Gospel of the free grace of God was something new.

After remaining in Horqueta for a short time my colleague was

called to another field of service, and the writer was left alone to face the powers of evil which had become more active. Hearing that many of the people were eagerly listening to the Word of God as proclaimed by the missionary, the priest became alarmed lest his parishioners might become ensnared in a heretic's net. He immediately began to thunder from his pulpit against this child of Satan who dared to come with his soul-destroying heresies to delude the inhabitants of the parish and by so doing lead them into the path of error and final destruction. The outcome of this public denunciation was quickly discerned. The fear of the priest, whose word in spiritual things was law, fell upon them, and many were no longer eager to listen to the story of God's sovereign grace. But the Lord, who is ever gracious, did not forsake His messenger nor permit him to feel that he was ever forgotten by God; for a house which was practically new was placed at his disposal at a nominal rent. The cowshed was at once vacated for the new abode which was more healthy and comfortable in every respect. But, alas! my sojourn in these pleasant and more suitable premises proved to be of short duration. I received a visit one fine day from the owner—most of the days were fine at that season of the year—who with a pleasant voice informed me that, as she required the house for her sister who was coming from the yerbales, she would be pleased if I would vacate it as soon as possible.

There was nothing one could do but obey the good lady's request and get out. Fortunately there was a vacant house right across the street the owner of which was a friend of hers. She kindly volunteered the information that I might acquire it from her without any trouble. Acting on the lady's advice I proceeded to the owner and made inquiries regarding her willingness to rent, and what the terms might be. She appeared quite willing and a favourable agreement was entered into. I received the key and inspected the house. Its appearance from the inside was not inviting, to say the least. It consisted of one room, not very large, with only one door, and without a window either in front or back. However, as the agreement had been

made, and as there was no other prospect, there was nothing one could do but take possession. My few goods were transferred from the house opposite to the new abode. As there was no through current of air owing to the lack of windows, one found that in the warm sultry, airless atmosphere it was difficult to sleep. The only thing, however, was to persevere, as I was unaware of another house in town whose owner would give me permission to enter. Most of the smaller houses were owned by women, and they, being under the heel of the priest, were afraid to rent a house to the "pedlar of the devil's heresies" lest they be excommunicated from the privileges of the Church. I was therefore compelled to remain in my unhealthy quarters for a considerable time, while the house in front which I had formerly occupied, and which the owner declared she required, still remained empty.

Thinking the matter over, I was led to approach the lady as to whether she would allow me to sleep in her empty house, as the one I occupied lacked air and from a health standpoint was most unhygienic. The good dame immediately granted my request, giving permission to sleep in the vacant premises without payment, but she would not rent it. I understood the fears engendered by the priest's threats which possessed her mind and held her in bondage. I was grateful to the kindly soul, and thankful to the Lord for His guiding hand. Having two houses at my disposal, one occupied by day, the other by night, I continued to visit the people in their homes with the Gospel message. The visible results of one's labour were often far more discouraging than otherwise. Yet the assuring promise remained unchanging which reminded us that it is "not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit saith the Lord." So when the day's work was ended and darkness gathered round, the weary labourer returned home, unhooked his hammock, locked the door, making sure that the key was safely deposited in his pocket, opened the house across the street, slung his hammock and prepared for a night's rest.

This was my usual daily routine, and I was well satisfied with the arrangements entered into with the owner. But I received somewhat of a shock when one morning, having dressed and

crossed the street to open the other house which held my possessions, I was astonished to find that the key had been taken out of my pocket. During the hours of darkness some person or persons had crept under the hammock and extracted the key from my pocket, then stealthily crept back, opened the door of the other house and stole practically all the goods I had with me in Horqueta; then, having done so, locked the door and most obligingly left the key outside on the window ledge of the house in which I lay quietly asleep.

Having found the key, I retraced my steps, and on opening the door discovered that everything worth taking was gone; even the little money in my possession had disappeared, save that I was left with a sum equal in value to less than a farthing. However, my life was spared and for this I was thankful, thankful for the privilege which was still mine of sowing the good seed of the Kingdom in this needy portion of God's vineyard. We were well acquainted with the fact that a Paraguayan is never found far from his home unarmed, and is therefore prepared to attack should he meet with resistance. So while the thief might dispose of my earthly possessions, it was beyond his power to come between the sleeper and the Lord's protecting shield, or hinder Him from preserving the life of His servant. I was thus permitted to carry on the work to which the Lord had called me. Doubtless such trials and troubles through which we had passed since coming to Horqueta were permitted by God for the enriching of our souls and the strengthening of our faith in His sovereign will. We had therefore learned that so long as we "abide under the shadow of the Almighty" there is no need to fear, and no cause to become discouraged; assured that greater is He that is for us than he that is against us.

Chapter Three

A NEW HOME

SOON after the previous incident I removed into a new home, the fourth house in about two months. But this removal was made not of compulsion, but of my own choosing. The new abode was most admirably suited for our work, and centrally situated. The owner, one of Horqueta's highly respected business men, was unafraid of the priest or his threats. Indeed he held the priest in little esteem because of his immoral life. The house was rented on a six months lease, I could therefore rest secure for that period without fear of eviction. The accommodation in the house consisted of a large salon which could seat from fifty to sixty or seventy people. There were also two bedrooms, with a kitchen and a large garden at the back. But my stock of furniture was scanty, not in keeping with the house, as it consisted simply of a hammock in which to sleep, two chairs, a table made from a packing case, and a sideboard or hold-all which had been, before it came into my possession, used as a packing case for Guinness's XXX stout! Hitherto we have proved the truth contained in William Cowper's well-known hymn "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." We were therefore not without the assurance that, in His own time and way God would provide the necessary furniture, and permit us to see the salon filled with people listening to the Gospel of redeeming grace.

In the meantime our duty was to "sow beside all waters" and gather hand-picked fruit as guided and empowered by the Holy Spirit. A number of men with whom I had spoken at that time appeared interested in the Gospel, but were unwilling or afraid to take the decisive step. Sin to them was not the soul-

destroying thing God declared it to be. But others were earnestly seeking peace from a troubled conscience. To these, sin was a living reality from the power of which they were unable to escape. On one occasion I was visited by a bright, intelligent young man who came, like Nicodemus, "seeking the way of salvation and life." He manifested a keen interest in the Gospel. Sin had become to this troubled soul a burning reality from which he had no power to deliver himself. "I have no peace," he exclaimed, "and I am tired with my old life." But, alas, when he left my home that evening he was still in darkness.

The missionary who is ever alert to take the healing balm of the Gospel to the needy will find many opportunities presenting themselves. It may be in the market place where early in the morning the people gather to purchase meat and vegetables for their families, and listen to the gossip of the day; or it may be around the fire in a neighbour's kitchen sucking maté—the Paraguayan tea—or it may be after the day's toil is over, with the people assembled round their doors while they talk of things new and old. The person who has something fresh and interesting to tell is always sure of an audience; should his story not be acceptable, the Paraguayan has a polite way of making the fact known.

It is by this method of fishing for souls that one often discovers a few who are eager to hear the story of the "Man of Sorrows." But others again are callous and indifferent. Yet there are usually some whose hearts are troubled, who have sought rest but in vain, because they knew not the way to Christ who alone can bestow true rest and peace which their restless souls require. One such was a woman who confessed that she was weary and tired and sorely pressed down with much care and trouble. We had just finished maté when she came in. After a short conversation she asked to see the book I had in my hand. Opening it, she read in Guarani the Master's invitation, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The pent-up feelings of a burdened soul burst forth in a flood of tears, as with face buried in her hands she exclaimed, "I am weary and tired and want rest." She had already listened to the story of

Calvary, but the light as yet had not dawned in her darkened soul. "Paul may plant," but only the Spirit of the Lord can bring the sown seed to fruition. After dealing with such souls one is left with the irrefutable fact that in Paraguay, "The Garden Republic of South America" as it has been called, "there are lonely hearts to cherish while the days are going by."

It has been recorded that William Carey of India and Dr. Morrison of China required to labour for seven years in a seemingly barren soil before reaping the first fruit of a coming harvest. So, doubtless, the Lord seeing that His lone servant in Horqueta was a man of weaker faith than that possessed by those two mighty men labouring in India and China, permitted me, in His mercy and compassion, to see the first ripe fruit of a coming harvest, not after seven years of toil, but only after months of labour in Horqueta.

There was joy that day among the angels of God, as well as in our own heart, when a young woman to whom we had often expounded the way of salvation revealed that she had made the great decision to follow the Lord. She was the first person in all that region to make a public confession for Christ before her fellows. Although of a quiet and rather timid disposition, this new-born babe began to let her light shine. Quietly, but earnestly, she told her neighbours and friends of God's saving grace and of how He had removed the burden of sin. But the message delivered was spurned. Her own sister seemed to be the most bitter opponent. Yet, in spite of their scoffing, she declared that the peace of God and the joy of salvation, of which she had been ignorant hitherto, now filled her soul. But the adversary, not willing to lose a member of his flock, sought to undo the good work which the Lord had begun in her soul. However, she was given grace to withstand the enemy's attacks. The assurance was given that God who had begun a good work in her life could not only save but keep His own even on the very doorstep of hell.

Chapter Four

A NEW COLLEAGUE

SOON after this I was joined by a new colleague, Mr. T. Webster Smith. He with others had been labouring at Tacuati, but as that temporary out-station was abandoned Mr. Smith came to help in the work at Horqueta. His coming brought joy and gladness, as I had been alone so long, and during most of that time had been faced with fierce opposition from the priest and some of his followers; yet, notwithstanding the opposition encountered, there were many in Horqueta whom I could count as true friends, though they made no profession of faith. Nevertheless, two are better than one.

We continued the good work of house-to-house visitation with the supreme object in view of presenting the Gospel message to those who had an ear to hear. Entering a house one Sabbath afternoon, we encountered the owner, an old man, whose evident delight was in everything evil; laying aside the book he had been reading he revealed to us some chapters of his past life and afterwards showed us round his orchard, which contained an interesting variety of plants and fruit trees. But by far the most interesting thing in his home, to me at least, was his native-made Paraguayan harp, of which he was evidently proud and which was the only one I have ever seen in the country. One can yet see, in memory, the old man sitting behind the instrument, with glowing face, fingering lightly the well-tuned cords of the harp which he evidently adored. My companion drew from his pocket a hymn book, and together we sang in Spanish,

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But oh the joy, when I awake
Within the Palace of the King.

The old man listened attentively. Already the evening shadows were creeping round, and in the course of nature, life's cord would soon snap. Although sin-seared and hardened, let us hope that a ray of light may have entered his heart ere the silver cord of his life was broken, and that on the Golden Shore he may with us join in the triumphant song of the redeemed.

Alas! the people of this land have been robbed of their spiritual heritage, and shackled with a spurious religion which holds them in the bonds of ignorance and superstition. To exemplify how irrational is this religious mask by which the inhabitants of Paraguay have been blinded: when a young man who was preparing to hold a Feast in honour of a saint was questioned regarding the origin, character, and disposition of the saint, he frankly admitted that he knew absolutely nothing about these things. Enough for him that the image was in a house nearby and, being a Christian, it was his duty to pay homage to it. This man, a devout Roman Catholic, could not tell who Adam and Eve were. He had never heard the story of man's fall, or of a place called the Garden of Eden, or that our first parents were expelled from the Garden because of sin. Few of these people had ever seen a Bible or heard of Christ's power to save. Can we wonder therefore that one to whom we were speaking previous to this encounter, on hearing the Gospel story, exclaimed, "How few missionaries there are in Paraguay! Why is it that more do not come to tell us the good news of salvation?"

Not only has the enemy blinded their eyes, but he has sown tares which have produced a bountiful crop. The tragedy is that while so many of God's people remain indifferent to their obligations toward those who sit in the "shadow of death," the question is forced upon one: have these people who name the Name of Christ and so faithfully attend the ordinances of God's house—have they gone on strike against carrying out the command of Christ to take the bread of Life to needy men and women, while the enemy advances with another Gospel which is different from that which Christ delivered to His followers?

Yet, notwithstanding the spiritual darkness that abounds, there

are souls eagerly seeking deliverance from the bondage of sin by their own endeavours. Such a one was an old woman we met in the village. Some weeks previous to our encounter she had gone to enquire of the priest his lowest terms for saying a mass. Six hundred dollars (equal in Paraguayan exchange to about £9) was his reply. The sum demanded was beyond her ability to pay. She left him without having her hopes realised. Wondering what could be done with a smaller sum, she went to the Chief of Police to tell her trouble and seek advice. This gentleman reminded her of the near approach of the Saint's day, and said that money would be required for celebrations. Instead of having a Mass said, "One hundred dollars to the Saint would be appreciated." After handing over the desired amount she was left without sufficient money to procure for herself food and was compelled to borrow from another Saint she had in the house. She was afterwards presented with the Gospel of the free grace of God, but she turned away saying, "I am now too old to change." Had the story of God's saving grace been delivered to her earlier in life she might have become, through Sovereign Grace, a burning and shining light. As it was, the gloom of spiritual darkness had settled with advancing years; and in the frailty of old age her only answer was, "I am now too old to accept this new religion."

Although we were greatly encouraged by seeing the ones and twos responding to the call of Christ as we went from house to house, we eagerly looked forward to the day when our public service would begin. At last after many delays, and after many difficulties had been overcome, we decided to hold our first service. October 4th was the patron saint's day. The town was full of visitors for the great occasion. After the image-processions and candle burning were concluded, the night was given over to all manner of revelry and debauch. Two days later an opportunity occurred for the purchase of some seating for the meeting place. Much preparation was required, such as procuring lamps and preparing invitations. When the appointed Sabbath arrived all was ready. We had taken precaution not to announce the

service before the set day, so that the priest would not have an opportunity at the morning service to forbid his parishioners attending the service.

After lunch and a short rest, we spent the afternoon distributing invitations from door to door. Returning to the house, we had a cup of tea and a time of prayer. Then the lamps were lit and the people began to arrive until the salon was full, with some thirty standing, and a number outside gathered around the window. All classes were represented from the highest to the lowest: the judge, the school-master with his family, two school-mistresses, the post-master and leading business men of the town. Eustacia, the young woman who recently came into the Light, brought a number of her friends and neighbours.

Chapter Five

THE FIRST EVANGELISTIC SERVICE

WHAT a wonderful joy and privilege it was to conduct that first Evangelical service in Horqueta. The congregation was composed of men and women who, previous to our coming, had never heard the true story of God's redeeming grace.

After praise and prayer, having explained the sole purpose of our presence in Paraguay, I gave the service into the hands of my colleague, who took as the theme of his talk the life of Jesus. He began with the birth of Christ and led his attentive audience right on to His death and resurrection. The preacher brought before his hearers the reality of sin, of death, and of a coming judgment. Not only was the necessity of salvation clearly presented, but also the fact that the price of our redemption was already paid by Christ when He poured out His life unto death. Having paid the price, which neither men nor angels could pay, He offers a full and free salvation without money and without price to every one who believes.

Some weeks after our public services had begun, God set His seal on the work by plucking a young man as a brand from the burning. He had been attending the services regularly and was spoken to at different times. But one evening, of his own accord, he came to our door seeking a further explanation as to how he might obtain salvation he so earnestly desired. That night, before he left, the great transaction between himself and the Saviour was made. When his companion called a little later, he boldly declared that he had yielded his life to Christ.

Our experiences in Horqueta had been varied, some joyful such as the one related, but others were extremely sad. One of the

most tragic of these occurred on a Monday afternoon. Little did we imagine that before twenty-four hours had passed two of those who had been present at our service would have been spoken to personally about their souls' salvation for the last time before being called into the presence of the Judge of all the earth. We had a goodly gathering of about fifty attending. That Sabbath was "All Saints' Day," followed by "All Souls' Day" when the people flock to the cemeteries with candles and the priest usually reaps a rich financial harvest. In the portion of Scripture read came the words "Let the dead bury their dead." The people were appealed to by word and song to follow the Lord. The hearers listened attentively, and even lingered at the close to obtain literature. One of these was a man to whom my colleague explained briefly the way of salvation. By the time for bed arrived we felt we had had a good day, having had many visitors during the earlier hours.

Next morning we had several other visitors: first a carpenter friend; then the judge who had attended the meetings on several occasions—he came seeking literature for himself and a friend. After the judge had left another came who introduced himself as an ex-chief of police. It was not the first time we had met. He was a friendly man and talked freely on various topics. I gave him a marked New Testament and a little booklet called *Truth from the Holy Scriptures which concerns you*. Several portions showing how free salvation can be obtained were read to him. Then he bade us farewell and extended a cordial invitation to visit him at his home some miles away. Some two hours later we heard that he was dead, shot by an opponent who at that moment was near to the gates of death. This was indeed sad news; but from something we heard I began to suspect that the dying man was our inquirer of the previous night, and so it proved to be.

The two men had met and evidently quarrelled over something, and a few minutes later our ex-chief friend received a bullet near his heart; but before falling he poured several into his assailant whom we afterwards saw fast dying, with ashen lips and internal haemorrhage which nothing could staunch. We heard that the

New Testament given to the ex-chief earlier in the day had prevented one bullet from entering his heart. We were glad that the widow had taken possession of the bullet-pierced Testament and refused to part with it at any price. When speaking to her later one could see that she prized it dearly.

If, without fear of contradiction, we could affirm that the needs of the inhabitants of Horqueta were exceeding great and pressing, we could likewise affirm that their needs were no more pressing than the spiritual needs of the many thousands living in the surrounding villages and hamlets scattered over the large region of which Horqueta was the centre. Hitherto, when alone, I had little time to go far afield into the regions beyond. My boundaries were more or less confined to the village and a few leagues outside. But now that the work in Horqueta was somewhat established, it seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us that we should launch forth into a field yet untouched.

We made arrangements for the journey, and had our horses ready before sunrise for Paso Mboti. It was not the first time I had visited that place and so I was familiar with the path, and as the day was good for travelling we made excellent progress. We arrived at Paso Mboti on the river Aquidabana about one o'clock and were well received at the boat-man's house. When we made known the object of our visit we were invited back to hold meetings. There would be some twenty to thirty houses in the vicinity, and the lady of the house had the impression that when we desired to hold a meeting the people would come.

After giving away some Gospels, we were ready to continue our journey to Paso Bareta. Some said there was no road to that locality; others said there was but it was bad; while others maintained there was a good road. However, we found that, like the curate's egg, it was good in parts. At one part we required to go through a long swamp where there was no road, but lots of mud and water through which we splashed, until we struck a cart track skirting the forest, along which we travelled for some hours, mostly in the dark and through water. At last we saw a light in the distance and made direct toward the house from

which it shone. But a more miserable place in which to tarry for the night we had never before encountered. The house was almost surrounded by swamp, with a thick forest at the back of the dwelling. We tried to sleep, but found sleeping almost impossible. The whole family seemed to remain awake most of the night burning wood to drive away the mosquitoes. We were indeed glad to see the morning light, to saddle our horses, and to get off on the journey before sunrise.

We reached our destination—Paso Barceta—early in the morning, and were well received and hospitably entertained. On entering the village we noticed a neat little house with a well-kept garden in front and a bent-work cross above the door, and decided in our own minds that it was a chapel; and so it proved to be. When our hostess asked if we would like to see her chapel, we answered in the affirmative. On entering, we found everything in perfect order, clean and tidy, swept and carefully dusted with a loving hand. The altar and images occupied prominent positions in the building. Two valuable bells, which doubtless cost a goodly sum of money, were ready for hanging. But there was one thing lacking—there was no Bible found therein; nothing to show men and women where pardon, peace, and the assurance of salvation could be obtained. The lady explained that the building was her own property. She had it erected for the good of the people, thinking doubtless that her efforts would obtain favour with God. We presented to her the Way of Life to which she listened attentively. She could not read, so we left with her a Gospel for her husband to read.

After visiting a number of houses, we left for Naranjati and home. This was our usual method of approach to a possible preaching station. Although Paraguay claims to be a free country, we felt that for a stranger to ride into the public square and begin to deliver his message without first seeking permission from the authorities might spell disaster to the purpose he had in view. Having been stoned off the streets for preaching the Gospel in one country, and hounded from house to house in Horqueta, and being in danger of again being stoned by a fanatical mob, we had

learned to be cautious when seeking to enter a new district. That is not to say that we were incautious or acted unwisely when we entered where we were stoned and endured fierce opposition, any more than Paul and Barnabas were when they entered into Iconium, or than Paul and Silas were when they first visited Philippi. We in Paraguay were more gently treated than Paul and his companions.

To attempt to assess the importance of those visits made to the hamlets and villages in the department of Horqueta would be impossible. But this we know, that to many of the places visited we were invited back and pressed to hold public services that the people might hear the message of salvation. Those services were usually well attended by attentive hearers. What the final outcome of those visits and the message of salvation proclaimed may be, we cannot tell. The results we leave with God, assured that His Word was not preached in vain.

Chapter Six

SEMANA SANTA

HOLY WEEK—Semana Santa—is reckoned in Paraguay to be the most sacred period of the year. On Saturday previous to Palm Sunday the people are engaged in preparing decorations for the occasion and in carrying images to the church. On Sabbath nothing unusual takes place, except that palm sprigs are brought to receive the priest's blessing. On Monday the various stations of the cross are erected round the public square: these are composed of tree branches, banana plants and other green foliage, each station having a cross in the centre. For several nights images of saints decorated with lights are carried round, while large numbers of men and women follow with much praying, singing and music. On arriving at each station the priest enters and recites some prayers. On that special occasion of which I write, the priest should have preached on Thursday and Friday in the church, as is the usual custom. But that week, because the amount of cash received did not please him, he refused to preach on Thursday.

Friday was the great day of the week. At twelve noon Christ, in the form of an image, was crucified; then the seven words from the cross were delivered; following this, the priest preached while the people listened and watched; in the afternoon the muffled bell began to toll. This was the signal that Christ was dead; then from the watching throng a piercing wail arose with the cry "Nandijara omanoma"—"God is dead," and the people wept. Soon after this, the nails were withdrawn and the image placed in a coffin. Then the image of Mary dressed in deepest mourning headed the procession while the people silently followed. The

procession, having marched through the principal streets, returned to the church; the coffin was then taken into the church and two soldiers were appointed to guard the grave, while many of the inhabitants remained to keep watch over the tomb. On Saturday many gave themselves to a time of revelry, drinking and dancing, seeking to enjoy the season to the full. God was dead, He could not see them and they were satisfied. That is the religion that has left its soul-destroying blight on so many of Rome's followers.

The village was early astir on Easter Sunday, and most of the inhabitants made their way to witness the resurrection ceremony, when the image was taken from its resting place and restored to Mary. Then the Virgin, dressed in white, headed the procession, as the people marched in triumph through the streets, while rockets in great quantities were fired into the air. After parading through the streets, the people returned to the church where the images were deposited until another occasion.

To finish the Easter celebrations a dance was held that Sabbath evening. As a sequel to their celebrations three men were stabbed; one died that night, another lay in a critical condition, possibly not to recover, the third would probably be all right in a few days' time. The soldier who was not expected to recover was present in our service the previous week. Semana Santa had a tragic ending on that occasion.

Chapter Seven

SEEKING A LOST HORSE

SHORTLY after the incident related in the previous chapter I required to go in search of a horse that had strayed. Hearing that the lost animal would probably have wandered to Estríba de Plata on the other side of the river Aquidaban, I started off in that direction, taking with me a number of Gospels and other literature to distribute by the way.

Arriving at Yaguratecue, I had rather a pleasing experience. It was near midday and, as the sun was very hot, I reined up at a house to shelter and if possible to get something to eat. After some conversation on various topics, the owner mentioned that a few weeks before two Protestants had passed that way, held a meeting at Paso Mboti and had also given away literature; but the priest of Horqueta had ordered the government official to have the books gathered and returned to him. I asked my host if he had seen any of the books and, if so, what his opinion was regarding them? Yes, he had seen one, but found nothing wrong and evidently wondered why the order was given to have them destroyed. Then, somewhat to his surprise, I told him that I was one of the two who held the meeting and distributed the books; also that I had more of the same kind and that if he wished he could have one.

After giving him a Gospel and another booklet and explaining the way of salvation, I was about to leave (without lunch, as the lady of the house was not at home) when another man came in, and on seeing the Gospel began examining it most carefully. When he had gone over the pages and read some portions, he said that he had one similar; so off he went in search of the book and

soon returned with an old brown-backed book which turned out to be a New Testament. Then he told me his story.

A little more than a year previously he heard the Gospel preached in the south of Paraguay, and believed, but was without a Bible or any portion of the Scriptures and so had no means of further instruction. Yet he clung to the truth with a new hope, and although he had not met a Christian or any person to help him on the way during those long months, a joy and peace hitherto unknown possessed his soul. At last he discovered a New Testament and borrowed it from the owner. Since then he had diligently studied its contents and sought to carry out its instructions in his everyday life. Naturally everything was taken literally, and according to Christ's command he sought to let his light shine. He was then teaching in a small private school in order to earn a living, but his chief object was to interest his scholars in the Gospel. As our Lord had commanded His disciples saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," so this man went from place to place, remaining only a few months in each locality, seeking in this way to scatter the "Good Seed of the Kingdom."

It was indeed a privilege, and something to gladden one, to meet this bright earnest soul shining so brightly for his Lord amidst the murky spiritual gloom that had settled over the land. I gave him a New Testament for himself, also some Gospels for those interested. He was extremely grateful for the New Testament and said he would return the one he had borrowed to its owner who lived some three leagues away.

From there I continued my journey to Paso Mboti and found that the report regarding the books we had distributed was true. At the priest's command the Chief of Police sent his soldiers to gather the books and other literature which the people had received. The soldiers were only partially successful, as I was shown Gospels which their owners refused to part with at the priest's command. They refused to surrender to the priest's agents that which was their own.

Paraguay is a free country according to her constitution, yet

it is a small thing in the eyes of Rome to overstep the bounds of the law, in order that her ends may be achieved. It is Rome's boast that she never changes, but as she has failed in other countries to extinguish the Light of the Gospel, even with fire and sword, so she will fail to stamp out and destroy the truth contained in the living Word of God in this fair garden of inland South America. Even the gates of hell will never prevail against the living seed which God has implanted in the lives of men and women. Did we not prove the validity of that indestructible truth on this journey in our search for a lost horse? In spite of the priest's efforts to hinder God's work by intimidating the people and seeking to destroy the portions of Scripture they had received, these same people were anxious to have another meeting so that they might hear more about God's marvellous love revealed in the gift of His Son to suffer an atoning death on the cross of Calvary. That, to many, is the most wonderful story in creation.

The following morning I crossed the river and, after much searching, found the lost horse. I slept at Estríba de Plata, near to where the horse was discovered, gave away more literature, and arrived back at Horqueta the following evening at sundown, having distributed all the Gospels and other literature I had taken with me. Having related to my colleague some of the experiences encountered by the way, we rejoiced together and gave thanks to God for the privilege granted in permitting us to see how the Spirit of the Lord was working in the lives of those around us.

But if the Lord was working in our midst, the devil was not inactive. His desire always is not to save, but to destroy. News reached us of the death of a young man whose home was not far from our own. He was one of the finest Paraguayans I have met; a favourite amongst the people and was never known wilfully to do an injury to another. His mother, brother and sister were close friends of ours. His mother and sister showed no great interest in the Gospel. When they spoke disparagingly of Doña Eustacia (the first to make profession of faith in Horqueta) and the Gospel he valiantly defended both. In him Doña Eustacia found a

trustworthy champion and none durst say a word against her in his presence, though he himself made no profession.

I understand he took his New Testament with him to the yerbales where he went on business. Perhaps in some lonely hour, only God and himself knows, the truth may have entered his own soul and brought to him the assurance of salvation. This promising young man was foully murdered when, I understand, he was in the act of defending a young woman from being wronged. This was the fourth man who had been stricken down by knife or bullet since hearing the Way of Life in our services. The brother of the dead young man continued to attend, but as yet had made no decision for Christ.

Although there are many blemishes which stain the history of this fair land in which we laboured, we had been privileged to see lives being transformed by the grace of God into bright shining lights for their Saviour. Juan de la Cruz became one of these. He and his twin brother with their families lived some two leagues from Horqueta. Juan's brother seemed more interested in education than in the Gospel. He had only been fifteen days at school, but applied himself so diligently while there that he was able to read and write. He now taught his boys what he himself learned.

Juan, on the other hand, although interested in education, was still more interested in religion. He came to our home time after time; we spent hours with him poring over the New Testament, while he eagerly drank in the truth as the Way of Salvation was being explained. One day he said to me, "I am now trusting in the Saviour." Light seemed to have dawned, though he appeared to understand very little; nevertheless I had no reason to question his decision, or doubt that the great transaction between his soul and God had taken place. A few weeks after he had professed conversion, my colleague and I rode out to his home and had a wonderful time. Juan testified openly before his brother and family and declared that he no longer believed that Rome's misleading doctrines were true or that outside of the Church of Rome there was no salvation. Had he not experienced

in his own soul that which neither Rome nor the world could do? By trusting Christ for salvation, the Lord had given him the assurance not only that his sins were blotted out, but that his name was inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life. A wonderful miracle was performed that day; Juan yielded his life to the Lord. He could now testify not only before his family but before his neighbours that his hungry soul was satisfied and that joy and peace hitherto unknown filled his whole being.

Some sceptically minded people, even some who profess to be Christian, may ask: Do missions pay? Yes, they pay and yield a magnificent dividend; but not with the coin of this world's minting. If only those who ask such foolish questions had but seen the shining face of Juan de la Cruz, as he grasped our hand and exclaimed "If you had not come and told us the good news, we would have died in darkness." He took a noble stand before his friends and neighbours, and fearlessly proclaimed Christ's power to save from sin's guilt. But because of his noble witness he was confronted with many adversaries. When his wife entered a shop to purchase food for the family she was greeted with a sneer. "Ha!" said the person behind the counter. "He has sold his soul to the devil, but he sends his wife to buy from us." However, he was not discouraged because of the opposition he encountered. He desired us to conduct another service just as soon as possible, and he would invite the people of the district to attend. We promised to do so and he went away happy, carrying with him a quantity of literature to read and distribute, also a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* for himself, in which he would doubtless delight.

Part Two

Chapter Eight

THE CANGUA INDIANS

THERE are sad days in the life of a missionary as well as those days that are filled with gladness, when he has witnessed souls bound by chains of superstition, sin, and Satan set free and made to become heirs of God. But there are days of sadness when he is called to say goodbye to many friends he has learned to love, and especially to those who have been won for Christ. The day I set out to say farewell to John of the Cross and his family, who had become very dear to me, was one when my soul was overshadowed with gloom, not knowing whether we would ever again meet on earth.

The guiding Pillar which had led me all the way began to move and beckon me forward, and I was compelled to follow. An urgent message from our Headquarters in Edinburgh had arrived, requesting me to leave Horqueta and take over the work which the Mission planned to carry on among the Indian tribes scattered throughout the great forest of South-eastern Paraguay. The missionary who had been appointed to this work was compelled, for domestic reasons, to retire from the field and return home.

Hitherto my work was amongst the civilised people of Paraguay—a mixed race, through whose veins flowed the blood of the Indian, the Spaniard and other European nationals. But now I was confronted with the true heirs of Paraguay—the gentlemen of the forest whose fathers the so-called Conquistadores slaughtered in cold blood when, in their lust for gold, they plundered and laid waste this fair land. Now the sons of those who escaped the cruel sword of the Spanish invader had been driven back to the

remote recesses of the primeval forest by their conquerors who took possession of their soil. These pure-blooded Cangua Indians, who had never mixed with any other race, had their little clusters of huts scattered over a vast region. Their villages were usually situated leagues apart, and often erected behind deep swamps through which one required to wade on foot before reaching their camp.

In the previous year Mr. John Hay, the Director of the Mission, visited the field. He, along with three companions, started out from Concepcion to discover the most likely position from which to reach and evangelise the Indians. After exploring the forest region of Eastern Paraguay, and after making enquiries among the inhabitants of villages verging on the forest, they arrived at Santa Teresa, in the department of Caaguazu and decided that this was a most suitable place in which to settle.

A house was rented in the village of Caaguazu, which lies a day's journey by horse from Villarrica, the nearest railway station. Caaguazu is the last outpost of civilisation, and therefore the extreme point of communication with the outside world. This house was rented so that the missionary might have a place in which he might store his goods and to which he could come to receive his mails and to purchase goods. Santa Teresa lies about a hundred miles further on from Caaguazu, right in the heart of the forest, shut in from the outside world.

My first impression of the task I had been asked to take in hand was far from encouraging. I was met at Villarrica by the young missionary who had been left to look after the horses, when his companion had to return to Scotland.

Together we purchased goods which, I imagined, would be sufficient to last three months; having made arrangements with a carrier to have the goods taken to Caaguazu by cart, we set out for our destination. When we had travelled a short distance from Villarrica, I was not only astonished but severely disappointed when my companion quietly told me that he had no intention of going to Santa Teresa. "Why then," I asked, "did you allow me to purchase sufficient food to last the two of us three months?"

He had no reason to give for his decision. I reminded him that I would be alone and knew not the people of Caaguazu nor the path through the forest to Santa Teresa; but all to no purpose. Towards evening we arrived at our destination. After giving the matter much careful consideration, I suggested that, as he had made up his mind not to help with the work amongst the Indians, the best thing he could do was to join Mr. Smith who was alone at Horqueta. He acted on my suggestion and made his way toward that place where the Lord was blessing the work. So I was once again left alone, yet "not alone." Believing that I was under the guiding hand of God, I was determined by His grace and strength to carry on the work among the despised Indians of the Forest.

My first duty was to look for a guide, one who not only knew the path but was willing to work with me for at least two months, when I hoped to return for my mails and to procure more food. The hand of the Lord led me to a man named Pablo, one in whose veins the blood of three continents seemed to flow. The usual custom in Paraguay is that when one engages a peon he demands full payment in advance, and Pablo was no exception to the rule.

We arranged to begin our journey on the Thursday, but when that day arrived Pablo was not ready to go. Then the rain came on which detained us a few days more, and not until the following Tuesday, 29th November, 1909, were we safely on our way.

The road to Santa Teresa for the first five leagues is comparatively good, but after that it becomes extremely bad, for the most part a mere bridle path through dense forest which at times makes riding difficult. There are some dangerous swamps where much care is required when leading one's horse across lest he sink to the girth. It was undoubtedly the worst path over which I had ever travelled in Paraguay.

Our first stopping place was close to a Tapi—an Indian village—where we camped for the night under the starry sky. Some of the Indians paid us a visit, but after a short talk with Pablo, my guide, they soon retired. My horse, while out feeding with the others, evidently not enamoured with the forest path, desired to

return home, but when attempting to cross a little bridge fell into the burn. However, after some strenuous efforts we were enabled to get him out, none the worse for his adventure. The following day we had a long weary march through forest and swamp. Late in the evening we found some camping ground where the horses could find pasture. Then, having had supper, weary and tired in body, we were glad to lie down and rest. After a refreshing sleep under cover of the forest trees we were early afoot and ready for the road. As on the previous day we continued our journey in single file along the narrow winding path. The overhead branches at times hung so low that unless a keen outlook was kept we were in danger of being dragged out of the saddle.

On other occasions, when a tree had fallen across the path, progress was delayed as we required to cut a fresh track around the fallen trunk with our bush knives. But one needs to get accustomed to obstacles far greater than a blocked path caused by a fallen tree if progress is to be made. Notwithstanding the difficulties encountered and the swiftly flowing river we required to cross, we arrived at our destination the same evening.

Chapter Nine

SANTA TERESA

SANTA TERESA lies in the midst of a large forest which covers hundreds of square miles; at the place chosen for our Mission Station there was a good tract of grass-land with plenty of running water, and another in the vicinity which would be capable of supporting some two hundred head of cattle. Insect life of almost every variety abounds to such an extent that one could imagine that all classes of blood-suckers found in Paraguay made Santa Teresa their headquarters. Night and day they seldom cease humming, biting and stinging. Should one require to rest, the only place in which to find shelter is under a close double-net mosquito curtain. Even then, when the polvorin, or dust-fly, comes out in the evening, no net, be it ever so fine, seems capable of withstanding its attack on the juicy object of its desire. The most pleasant time of day was usually the hour before sunrise. Added to the plague of flying sucking-insects the fleas gave us much annoyance. No mosquito net could provide a barrier against the human-loving flea. Evidently some Paraguayans while gathering *maté* in the forest had made their camp where we were resting and left their mark behind, and the flea, being a social insect and observing no national or colour bar, was quick to associate himself with strangers. We therefore discovered that the flea, being so prolific in this hot climate, made living almost unbearable. In order to destroy the fleas it was necessary to cover our camping ground with dry grass and set it on fire; this we required to do several times before work could be done or sleep obtained with any degree of comfort.

We took up our quarters under some trees, and for a period the

green trees and the blue sky afforded us kindly shelter. We set about cutting down trees and carrying beams on our shoulders in order to erect a permanent home from which to reach the Indians. This manual work was heavy and needed not only much brawn and grit, but also grace to carry out the necessary work. We were without the aid of bullocks to drag the heavy timbers from the forest and so had to rely on our own strength and the grace of God to accomplish the task set before us. We had been free from rain for a number of days; for this we were grateful, and we kept on hoping that at least part of the roof might be completed ere the downpour came. But at last the rain descended like a flood, as is usual in Paraguay, and found us unprepared. We hastened to erect a little hut, but found, alas! when it was completed that almost as much rain fell inside as outside. We immediately set about improving the shelter. Pablo mounted the little shanty while I handed up the thatch. We were getting on splendidly, as we thought, when, in the midst of operations, down came the roof, Pablo, thatch, and all. As Pablo was unhurt he got up with a grin and set to work once more. When all was finished, we found the rain still kept splashing through. As darkness approached the rain fell faster and the prospect of a needed night's rest looked bleak. However, there was nothing more we could do; so rolling my poncho—cloak—around me I lay down and tried to find rest in sleep. The night seemed interminably long, but overcome at last I went to sleep, and awoke in a pool of water. Pablo slept sweetly and soundly through it all, though he was in a worse condition than myself. About 2 a.m. the rain passed, so we arose, sucked *maté*, drank tea, dried our garments; and like the Apostle Paul with his fellow prisoners in the midst of the unpleasant "Euroclydon" we too wished for the day and patiently waited for the dawn.

On arrival at Santa Teresa we discovered that the Indians had fled from their huts and disappeared into the forest. When I visited their village not an Indian could be seen; all had vanished, leaving their huts empty. The reason for their departure, we were afterwards informed, was that an Indian chief had shot a

Paraguayan and his wife over a gambling affray. Although the shooting occurred in another locality far removed from Santa Teresa, all were afraid of revenge. Some yerbateros—yerba gatherers—wishing to obtain maize on the cheap told the Indians that the soldiers were coming to convey them as prisoners to Asuncion, the Capital. The next day the village was deserted and everything was left to the mercy of the Paraguayans, who satisfied themselves with the coveted maize and all that was worth taking.

Some time after our arrival the Indians began to return to their village. We endeavoured to get some of the men to work, but the painted Indian whose wants are easily supplied has no great desire to exert himself in strenuous labour. However, they did not entirely turn down our offer, but did a little work for which we were grateful, not so much for the work accomplished as for the fact that we had made intimate contact with them. They were not resentful of our approach, but quite friendly. I bargained with one boy to remain with me; he did so for a few days, then disappeared. Little by little we hoped to win their confidence and to begin Gospel work amongst them, but much patience and prayer would be required. Indeed it was surprising to find so little resentment displayed toward those who deprived them of their rightful inheritance and drove them into the dark forest with its pest-infested swamps; even the forest where they now existed could no longer be claimed by the Indians as their own; the Government had sold large tracts of the forest to prospectors and merchants. These men now called themselves the lawful inheritors of those wide domains, which by right of common justice belonged to the true sons of Paraguay, who were down-trodden and treated as something less than human. Indeed the land on which we were erecting a Mission house, and from which we hoped to evangelise the Indians, of the district, belonged to a merchant in Villarrica who exports maté from a portion of the forest within a few leagues of Santa Teresa, and who gave us written permission to settle on this part of his property. In all Paraguay there was not a place, not even a reservation, at the

disposal of the Indians whose fathers owned the land. They were driven into the fastness of the gloomy forest and treated as vermin.

It was my intention to remain at Santa Teresa for two months and make as much progress with house-building as possible, but seeing that our supply of food was running short we were compelled to remain no longer than five weeks. When our supply began to run down I asked Pablo to remain while I went to Caaguazu to purchase more and replenish our stock. But he refused to remain though I had arranged with an Indian to keep him company during my absence, which doubtless would be less than a week; but Pablo refused to accept my proposal. The reason he gave was that on two successive nights he had heard a tiger not far from where we slept; he was evidently afraid. It was true that at times one could see their spoor in the morning not far from our camp. Seeing therefore that he was afraid, I refrained from pressing him further.

The next best thing was to continue with house-building while the food lasted, and when this was finished to pack up and go. We had sufficient to last a few days, but Christmas found us with very little save a few cobs of maize bought from the Indians.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day we set out for Caaguazu. Having arrived at the river Capiibary and crossed, we kindled a fire, toasted some maize cobs for supper, then committing ourselves to God's protecting care, tried to settle for the night. But owing to the swarms of insects humming their song as they sought possession of their coveted prey, we obtained little rest. Needless to say we were afoot early, and after some more corn cobs set off at daybreak. We continued on the move from about 4.30 a.m. until midday, when we unsaddled the horses to give them a little rest and a bite of grass. We also had a short rest and a drink of black tea—the maize was finished—then we resumed our journey. In the afternoon Pablo shot a "Pavo del monte," or forest turkey, the size of a good hen. We were now sure of supper. A turkey the day after Christmas to those who are hungry is just as enjoyable as one on Christmas Day!

At evening we arrived at the house of a Paraguayan, the first

on the way from Santa Teresa. Here we were made welcome and kindly treated to a dish of cold boiled beans which, in our estimation, were excellent. Later in the evening the good lady of the house cooked the turkey for us and for dessert I purchased from her a fresh cheese weighing at least a pound. We were now ready and well prepared for sleep, and so turning into our hammocks, we were soon in the land of slumber. Sometime during the night a severe thunderstorm, accompanied with heavy rain, came on, the latter causing me to vacate my hammock and to seek shelter in an empty bullock-cart, where weariness was soon lost in forgetfulness. In the morning we arose refreshed, and after the customary suck of *maté*, another cheese was brought, and it having been divided into equal parts with Pablo, both halves vanished after its companion of the previous evening.

We arrived in Caaguazu about 10 a.m., a little wet, but sound and healthy.

Chapter Ten

BUILDING OPERATIONS IN THE FOREST

HAVING procured sufficient food to last a considerable time, I had hoped to return to Santa Teresa the same week, as time was pressing, and much had to be accomplished; I approached Pablo, who had been a faithful guide, a good workman, and a pleasant companion, as to whether he was ready for the road. For answer, he declared that he did not desire to return. This was indeed disappointing news. It was therefore necessary to seek out another who would be willing to go; but few men were willing to shut themselves off from the world in a desolate region like Santa Teresa with no companion save a stranger who, to them, was a foreigner, with an outlook on life and religion which was different from their own.

At last, after strenuous endeavour, the desired workman was found, and we immediately set our faces toward the forest. We had just succeeded in covering a league and a half when the tropical rain descended, making further progress impossible. Having found an old disused hut not far from the wayside, we were able to find sufficient shelter for the night. The next forenoon saw us over a good deal of the swampy ground, but in the early afternoon the rain began to fall and compelled us to remain where we had camped on a previous journey. This time we required to rest the following day and night. Our only shelter from the tempest was a small hut composed of palm leaves which kept out part of the rain, but not all; nevertheless we were thankful. Three Indians arrived from the forest; one had a badly inflamed and swollen knee, the result of an insect's sting. Having no medicine with me, I applied some fomentation which reduced

the inflammation, eased the pain, and scattered the swelling.

On the Sabbath afternoon I visited an Indian village which lay near our camping ground and found there three men with their wives and children. They possessed a fine plantation growing not only the usual maize, but also other vegetables. Before bidding them goodbye I was presented with a goodly gift of maize.

On Monday morning we started again on the trail and soon arrived at a large stream which had overflowed its banks. At this place there was a bridge composed of one stick about the thickness of a man's leg, with another lighter stick to act as a handrail. The so-called bridge was floating on top of the stream which reached almost to the handrail. On stepping on the floating bridge, the log immediately sank to its normal position, so that the water reached one's waist. The peon was unable to swim, and being afraid of permitting him to carry the goods over the crazy structure, I had to carry the baggage myself while he stood on one end of the stick and helped to keep it in its place and to prevent it from turning while I crossed with each load. We swam the horses across, saddled up, and were soon on our way, but had not gone far when we encountered another swamp at which we required to unload and carry everything to the other side, the water at times reaching almost to our armpits. As the evening was drawing near we decided to camp at this place for the night.

Resuming our journey early next morning we reached the river Capiibary which was deep and wide. We had a canoe at this crossing, but it was at the other side with little of it showing above water. After swimming across I found that it had been secured by a chain when the river was low so that its nose was completely under water. Here was a problem, since the peon was at the other side and could not swim.

I tried diving, but the stress made by the current was too great. I therefore recrossed, tied a machete—a large bush knife—on my back and swam the river for the third time. With the aid of the machete and my feet, the canoe was at last set free. After bailing the water out I paddled across to where the goods were, these

were placed on board, and we began to cross once more; the peon proved to be as useless with the paddle as with the simple art of swimming. But I shall say this about him, he was a good and willing worker in other things and never grumbled, nor was there a lazy bone in his body. We arrived that evening at our destination, having spent four days on the road, wearing wet clothes almost all the time.

We made rapid progress with the house. How we longed for a yoke of oxen to have the heavy beams dragged to the building site. But we have proved both at home and abroad that wishful thinking without personal effort never achieved anything worth while. So away in the lone forest, in order to accomplish the needed task, it was necessary to get our shoulders under the heavy beams and carry them to the site before the building could be erected. Soon we had one room completed save for the door and windows, but these required to wait until planks were sawn for the purpose. The house was planned to consist of two rooms and a galpon—open part of the house in the centre. The galpon was ready for the thatch; this part of the roofing was left to the workman who was a skilful thatcher, and ever ready to do his part if at all possible.

Having one room and the galpon partially finished we were then ready to begin preparations for the second room. Though we worked hard at house construction, progress was naturally slow with only two pairs of hands for the work. We rose with the first glimmer of daylight, sometimes making a mistake and rising too early; we then either waited around the fire until dawn, or else returned to the hammocks. After breakfast work was usually commenced before sunrise; we kept at it until about 11.30 a.m., then stopped for lunch, which usually consisted of locro—hard white maize, broken with pestle and mortar, with sun-dried meat cooked until soft—which takes some hours to cook. Our plan was to put the pot on the fire with the maize and meat when breakfast was finished, and leave it to simmer till near midday. After lunch we had two hours' rest during the extreme heat, then a suck of *maté* through the bombilla—a tube

with a perforated knob on the end which is inserted into the little gourd, and hot water poured over the *maté*. This is passed round in turn until each one is satisfied. The *maté* finished, we began work till sundown, had supper of boiled rice and beans, or for a change boiled beans alone, then our *maté*, and retired to rest. Having no furniture, our fireside chairs consisted of a small log each, and for dining table, mother earth supplied the demand. On my first journey to Villarrica I intended to purchase a pit-saw to cut timber for the doors, windows and furniture.

The reader must not imagine that while building operations were in progress the evangelisation of the Indians was neglected. I did my utmost to induce them to work so that they might know me better and have more confidence; but without much success. The number of Indians at the nearest villages varied from four or five to over fifty. Sometimes they received me most cordially, but on other occasions the reception was cool. When the Chief was present the Indians did not appear so friendly. He maintained that we should have asked his permission to settle as the ground belonged to him. One could see that it would have been more politic to have taken him into our confidence and revealed our intentions; at least it would have dispelled all bitterness from the Chief's mind by acknowledging his supposed authority. Doubtless the Director of the Mission and those who were with him imagined that when they received written permission from the merchant who had purchased the land, the Indians would not resent the transaction. As already stated, the Government had sold much of the territory, or retained portions for privileged persons. Not even one reservation had been provided for the true natives of the soil, they were simply driven off to seek a hiding place in the forest.

One of the great barriers which confronts the missionary in his endeavour to win the Indian is the language problem. He is faced by the problem of communication. Few of the Cangua Indians understand Spanish, but although they have their own unwritten language they can be approached by means of the Guaraní in which at that time I was not very fluent. After

acquiring Spanish I had little time in which to study Guarani, save through constant intercourse with those whose only language was their mother tongue. Through this channel I was to some extent able to get some message across to the Indians.

At Santa Teresa one had not only the privilege of endeavouring to reach the Indians with the Gospel, but often the opportunity to entertain yerbateros—men who cut and gather the yerba for *maté*—as they came and went to and from the yerbalé. In addition to the yerbateros, others were accustomed to stay for the night at the Mission House. This afforded a magnificent opportunity to present the Gospel to some who had never heard the story of redeeming grace. The Paraguayan peon who was helping me with house-building became so well versed in the Gospel, though at that time he made no profession of faith, that he frequently, of his own free will, delivered a clear Gospel message to the people gathered round the log fire. In fact, so interesting were some of his addresses that one of his hearers came to me seeking a Bible that he might study the Gospel for himself. One could not close one's eyes to the fact that the secret of evangelising both the Indians and the Paraguayans is to be found in the native evangelist. In this particular yerbalé some one hundred and fifty men were employed during a period of some six or seven months in the year. Most of them were illiterate and did not understand Spanish; they therefore had to be reached in Guarani, which was their mother tongue.

Chapter Eleven

THE GUAYAQUI INDIANS

ALTHOUGH we were endeavouring to reach the Cangua Indians with the Gospel, there were other tribes wandering through the forest as yet untouched, with no man caring for their souls. Were Isaiah alive today his cry doubtless would be the same as in the days of old, "And I looked and there was none to help, and I wondered that there was none to uphold."

The Guayaquis, though they roam about the vicinity of Santa Teresa, are seldom seen either by the Cangua Indian or Paraguayan. When absent from the Mission Station it was my custom to leave my goods and tools at the store-house of the yerbalé which lay some few leagues farther south. On one occasion, when I went there to collect the goods, the man in charge informed me that the Guayaqui Indians had made a raid two nights previous to my visit and had carried off a goodly quantity of maize. He armed a number of his men and sent them in pursuit with instructions that should they discover the Indians' sleeping place they were to surround their camp during the night, and in the early dawn, before the Indians were astir, fire and kill as many as possible.

The men had not returned while I was there, but I learned afterwards that the Guayaquis were too swift and cunning for their pursuers and were not to be caught so easily in a trap. I reasoned with the man in charge, and later when I encountered the owner protested vigorously to him of the injustice meted out to these people. "But they are only bichos," (vermin) was the response, "and don't deserve to live; besides they are only animals and have not the feeling of a human being." Yet,

were those wild despised neglected Indians not among those for whom Christ died? I have not come into touch, nor have I seen any of the Guayaquis, but from what one can gather they and the Paraguayans are afraid of each other. A few weeks previous to their raid on the maizal two Guayaquis came to the above-named store in daylight and unarmed, doubtless to ask for food. There was only one man present in the store, and he being alone and evidently afraid, fired at the two Indians who immediately disappeared. Can one wonder that the next visit was at night, not to beg but to carry away all the maize in the plantation?

The hand of the Paraguayan is ever against those sons of the forest; when seen they are usually shot at as if they were wild beasts. In revenge, it is said, the Guayaquis dig deep pits in the the path, plant spears or sharp-pointed arrows, then cover and disguise the pit, and the trap is ready for the unwary traveller.

These wild men of the forest wear no clothes, neither do they build houses or plant vegetables. They live on grubs, snakes, wild fruit, and what they kill by hunting. Once I received a visitor, a Paraguayan, who in course of conversation related how he had chased some Guayaquis, and who seemed to glory in the fact that he brought one of them to earth by a rifle shot. Not a pang of remorse was felt for his deed, nor was there any pity or sorrow shown for the friends of his victim.

When on one of my visits to Caaguazu on business, I called on a Paraguayan neighbour. He appeared somewhat excited and invited me in. Then pointing to a little boy on the floor, he said, "I bought him for 110 dollars (equivalent to about £1 7s. 6d.); but in your country he would bring a much larger figure: even in Asuncion, the capital, the price is much better than here." He was a little Guayaqui Indian who had been brought to the village. His parents had evidently been surprised and, in their haste to escape from the ruthless pursuers, the little boy was left behind. He was a manly little fellow, of about three years, as sturdy and healthy as any little boy of the same age in the home country; but he was not happy, and he had much cause for his unhappiness. At times he seemed to forget his surroundings and

join in play with the other children of the home, when suddenly, on hearing the strange voices, he would remember, and on looking around see everything strange and unfamiliar; then the little breast would heave and the hot tears roll down his cheeks. Poor little captive, he was lonely and distressed and no wonder, no one could understand his language, nor could he understand anything that was said in the house. Their language was strange, their faces were new and everything around was foreign. Where was his mother or his companions with whom he played amongst the giant trees of the forest?

The owner of the little boy was a Paraguayan, who possessed a cattle ranch some twenty-four miles from Caaguazu. Occasionally the Guayaquis came out from their forest home and raided the farmer's herd, killed an animal, and carried off the carcass to enjoy a feast around their camp fire. These wild men of the forest kept by themselves. No one knows their language or whether their numbers are many or few. They possessed powerful bows and, it is said, could shoot an arrow much farther than the Canguas whom we were seeking to evangelise. The Paraguayans and the other Indian tribes were evidently afraid of them, though one has never yet heard of an unmolested Guayaqui attacking any person whether he be Indian or Paraguayan. In the pure-blooded Indians we find the true gentlemen of South America. It is hunger that drives them to make a very occasional raid on a herd of cattle. When a raid has been made, the owner usually arms his men and sends them forth hot-footed on the chase. The bows and arrows are of little service against powder and shot. The issue of the conflict invariably is that the Indian is compelled to flee.

The cattle rancher with whom I was speaking had lost some animals and sought to have revenge by sending men in pursuit of the Guayaquis. The latter were evidently surprised and in their flight the little boy in question was left behind, his parents and friends having escaped, but the little fellow was carried away captive and sold. True, he was kindly treated by the rancher, nevertheless one could see how greatly he missed his parents and

companions now far away in the forest fastness. Nothing could compensate him for the liberty he had lost. There were two other children down the street in Caaguazu who were carried away from their parents; across the square was another boy who was taken captive in a similar manner. These Indians have no friends in Paraguay, every man's hand is against them. "I paid 110 dollars (£1 7s. 6d.) for him, but he would be worth more in your country." That was all the untutored Paraguayan thought of him. But though they are treated as of little or no value by the Paraguayans, they are of eternal value to the Saviour who "is not willing that any should perish," and who for their redemption paid the price which justice demanded.

Chapter Twelve

CAAGUAZU AND ITS INHABITANTS

AS ALREADY stated, the village of Caaguazu is the last post of civilisation on the way to Santa Teresa, and is situated in the midst of a jungle. There was no open hostility or persecution such as that experienced in Horqueta. Perhaps the chief reason for its absence could be attributed to the fact that there was no resident priest living in the vicinity. Be that as it may, one found that the inhabitants were as godless in their mode of living, and as indifferent in their attitude to the Gospel, as were the people of Horqueta when first we entered that region. So in the midst of much indifference we were cheered when news came through from time to time telling how Juan de la Cruz of Horqueta continued to shine as a bright light amongst his friends and neighbours, many of whom were bitterly opposed not only to the Gospel but to the noble stand taken and to the clear testimony given by John of the Cross. Such news, coming from afar, was a source of joy and encouraged us to go forward with renewed determination to deliver the message of life with which we had been entrusted.

By our visiting the homes and our endeavouring to do as much personal work as possible in a friendly manner, not a few heard for the first time the message of free salvation. Calling one day on the Provost or Mayor of the department of Caaguazu, I found him quite friendly and ready to listen to the story of redeeming grace. After that I had many earnest talks with him. When presented with the New Testament and a copy of that helpful booklet entitled *Many Infallible Proofs*, he gratefully

received them. Though he was an avowed free-thinker, we were assured that it was not beyond the power of God's saving grace through the operation of the Holy Spirit to enlighten his mind and lead him into the way of truth.

Caaguazu was one of the darkest and most degraded places in the country: the spiritual darkness which had settled over that region was intense; sin of many descriptions was practised in a most flagrant manner. Had it not been for the conscious presence and power of God experienced in our own life and the assurance that we had been called to wage this warfare against sin and Satan, we might have been tempted to pack up and go home. But we were reminded that the battle was not ours but the Lord's, and that He who had called us to take our place in the battlefield would lead us to ultimate victory. Only the Spirit of the living God could arouse the inhabitants from their death-like slumber and dispel the blight which Rome had cast upon this, in so many ways, lovable people. The teaching those deluded men and women received from the blind leaders of the blind made it easier for them to follow the path of evil. Should anyone look to his neighbour to find one who lived a purer and nobler life than himself, he would discover that all were steeped in sin, tainted and defiled by their evil doings. From among their so-called spiritual leaders not one was found who could show seeking souls how to rise from their dead selves to a new full-orbed life, enriched and ennobled by the saving Grace of God, who alone could give deliverance and transform the lives of such superstitious and depraved men and women.

Amidst the spiritual darkness overshadowing that community, one was glad to discover that even on the doorstep of hell there were some hungry hearts in that spiritual wilderness earnestly seeking something that would meet their need and satisfy the cravings of their dissatisfied souls.

On one of my first visits to Caaguazu a mother and daughter came enquiring if I could sell them an *Anchor of Salvation*. I explained that, though I did not possess the book required, I had other books which could show them where a secure and safe

anchorage could be found. Drawing from my pocket a New Testament and a little booklet entitled *Las Palabras de la Cruz* (The Words of the Cross), I had the desired opportunity to show them, from the New Testament, the story of the birth, life and death of Jesus Christ, and to make plain to those hungry hearts the way of salvation. They were highly pleased with the New Testament, which they immediately purchased. They also received with appreciation the other little booklet which I presented. In return they gave me a present of tomatoes. I was afraid they might return with the New Testament should they find that it was not of Rome's production. However, my fears were soon allayed, for the next day both mother and daughter returned bringing with them a fowl as a present. They were well pleased with the books received. Our desire is that, through the study of God's Word, they may discover the True Anchor of Salvation after which they sought.

During my occasional visits to Caaguazu on business I endeavoured to utilise every spare moment visiting the people in their homes and thus get to know them more intimately and allow them to become better acquainted with me, so that with tact, winsomeness and wisdom from above I might be the better able to present the Message with which I had been entrusted. The outstanding fact had been borne in upon me from the beginning that if the inhabitants of Caaguazu and surrounding districts were to be evangelised a permanent missionary should be placed, at least for a time, in this needy district. A band of men won for Christ from amongst the Paraguayans could be used to evangelise not only their own people but the Indians, in a manner a foreign missionary could never do. But the missionary appointed to Caaguazu would find that the road over which he would be compelled to travel was never smooth. For the contest in which all missionaries in Paraguay were engaged was one against seeming insurmountable odds. The devices of the enemy have not changed since that day when the Apostle declared, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this

world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Nevertheless, the man who is sent by God requires not to keep his eyes focused continually on the strength of the enemy, as he wrestles for the souls of men in the valley, but on the mighty Victor standing on the hill of Sion directing the battle and leading His servant forward in triumph.

For months I had been looking for an Indian boy willing to remain with me and to help with little things about the house; but none of the Indian mothers would part with their boys in order that he might live with a stranger, especially with a foreigner who was unacquainted with their own tribal language. But on one of my occasional visits to Caaguazu I called at the home of the Paraguayan whom I had known for a considerable time, as he often visited me at Santa Teresa when gathering yerba. He had two Indian boys in his home who were orphans. Their mother had died when they were quite young, and their father, who was a Chief, had died some two or three years before I met the boys. The Paraguayan with whom they lived, though living in the vicinity of Caaguazu, spent much time in the forest. Thus the two Indian boys were never long away from their forest surroundings and usually were in close touch with their relatives. Santiago, the eldest, would probably be about twelve years of age. Of the two Santiago seemed to be the least cared for—the younger lad was dressed in the usual shirt and trousers, while Santiago's wardrobe consisted of a loin cloth and an old cap; he was as dirty as it is possible for an Indian boy to be and had little to attract either in appearance or manner; his brother had a much brighter appearance, though perhaps equally dirty, yet he was the more desirable.

I wanted an Indian boy and so I asked the Paraguayan if he would let me have the younger; but he refused to part with the lad, saying that he was the wife's property and they intended rearing him as their own son; but if I wished Santiago he would permit me to have him. Perhaps the real reason for offering me the elder was, as one member of the family afterwards said, that he was not only lazy but also a glutton. However, as I was in

much need of an Indian boy I decided to take Santiago, faults and all. Getting him to come with me was another matter. He was afraid of, and not prepared to trust himself to the care of, a stranger. After much coaxing and many promises of clothes, a new hat, a knife that would be his own, and plenty of food, he was reluctantly persuaded to accompany me.

Boys the world over are much alike whether their skin be red, black, yellow or white. Where in all the world is it possible to discover a boy who does not want pockets in his clothes? What are the use of jacket and trousers without those most necessary assets wherein he can store everything needful? In this respect Santiago was no exception to boys of other lands: when the material for the suit was bought, he wished to know about the pockets, and when the garments were made he strutted around as proud as a king. The desired pockets were there, and they were not permitted to remain long empty.

Shortly after this I required to go to Villarrica on business, and of course Santiago went with me. It was his first visit to any place with a population larger than that of Caaguazu; Villarrica had a population of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, and everything seemed strange to the Indian boy. His astonishment on seeing so many people was great, but as we wended our way through the city and passed the meat market, his eyes danced at the sight of so much beef; never in all his life had he seen so many slain animals in one place. But perhaps the greatest wonder of all was the railway train: on his return to Santa Teresa I heard him explain to another Indian how the big carts full of people ran along the road without the aid of bullocks.

After that Santiago went with me again to Villarrica and became accustomed to sights in the city. After having him with me for a time I discovered that the reputation he had from the Paraguayan family with whom he had lived was not far from the truth. But in spite of all his faults, he had many good points. There may have been many things which boys at home can do that would have baffled Santiago, but there were things Santiago could do, and with greater skill than most boys at home. He

could not only set a trap, but skin the animal caught therein and tan its hide. I watched him one day skin a large monkey, cut it up, dress and prepare it for the pot, and serve it into an appetising dish which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Chapter Thirteen

ON THE INDIAN TRAIL

WHILE a visit to the so-called civilisation as witnessed in Caaguazu enabled one to meet the people in their homes and made a welcome and invigorating change especially from a health standpoint, yet I was usually glad to return to the lonely forest and become better acquainted with the true heirs of Paraguay in their little huts amongst the giant trees. Some of their villages were almost inaccessible, very often erected behind swamps and rivers far from the beaten path. It was thus difficult to estimate the exact number living within a radius of thirty miles from Santa Teresa.

Many of the Indians live in dire poverty, not because the soil is infertile, as, with little labour, it could produce sufficient food to satisfy thousands, but simply because the Indians refuse to cultivate the land; thus they have little on which to exist. Their usual method of planting is to burn off a small cluster of bamboo thicket and plant some maize, a few sweet potatoes, some water-melons and pumpkins. Then, when all the crops planted are gathered from this piece of ground, it is never again cultivated, as in the Indian's estimation too much labour would be necessary to clear the ground of weeds, which grow in abundance. So when another season comes round they simply burn down another bamboo thicket and plant on new soil. While the crops of maize and sweet potatoes last little hunting is done. During the lean season, when their store-house is empty, they live for the most part, unless induced to work, by hunting, fishing and gathering wild fruit and caterpillars which are found in the tall bamboo canes. For clothing, the men wore loin cloths and

strands of women's hair twisted round their leg below the knee; the women weave the loin cloths for the men, and wider pieces of cloth for themselves which they twist round the waist in the form of a skirt. Both men and women paint their faces in various designs with a black pigment. Their tribal mark is unique; the under-lip of every male is perforated in childhood; as the child grows the hole in the lip is enlarged and into it an appendage composed of hard resinous gum is inserted until, in a full-grown man, the appendage protrudes four or five inches in front of the chin. Few if any of these Indians have a greater love for cleanliness than for manual labour; the result is that not only are their bodies dirty, but filth and vermin abound. Nevertheless, dirt or no dirt, vermin or no vermin, it was a delight to be made welcome in a friendly manner and cordially received when I had an opportunity to call on those long neglected and despised children of the forest.

Some months previous to Santiago having joined me I met a number of Indians from Ipiti, a village lying some leagues west of Santa Teresa. When I had had a most friendly talk with them they invited me to visit their village, and this I promised to do at my earliest convenience. After that I was eager to fulfil the promise given; but, being in the midst of building and clearing operations which required to be completed before setting out to Ipiti, it was only on the Lord's day I was free to begin the march, accompanied by my little Indian boy, who acted as guide. Our clothes were soon drenched as we pushed our way through the long dew-laden grass; but in a short time we were confronted with a swamp where we required to wade through water and mud. The wetting from the dew was now considered a mere trifle.

Presently we arrived at a small Indian village, but not the one we set out to visit. The Indians at this village warned us not to attempt the journey to Ipiti as the river and swamps were impassable owing to the recent heavy rains; they advised us therefore to turn back. The path was new to me, so I could not tell whether they were speaking the truth or endeavouring to frighten

us, but I was determined to press forward. So bidding them goodbye we were soon lost to sight by a belt of forest which shut their village in from the next swamp. Ten minutes brought us to the edge of this slough which looked much worse than the previous one. I began to ponder the Indians' warning. However, to make doubly sure that it could be no worse than the "Slough of Despond" which Bunyan's Christian and Pliable encountered we were determined to plumb its depths, and so we laboriously made our way to the opposite bank. Having safely crossed the uninviting swamp, we had for some time a dry, if not very even, path underfoot. A tall man has the advantage in a swamp, but now in the forest with the low overhanging branches there was no doubting the fact that a person of smaller stature ran less risk of receiving hard knocks on the head from the tangled branches overhead.

My little boy was an expert guide and much at home on the winding path amongst the trees. Only once did he show any uncertainty as to which track we should follow, and that only for a moment. We trudged on mile after mile through forest, swamp and mud. It would take an ardent lover of forest life to glory in such surroundings or revel in a mud swamp. But he who has seen the vision and heard the Macedonian call cares little for the roughness of the path or the depth of the swamp, for he hears, by faith, the reapers' song and sees, even in the far distance, the golden grain being gathered in.

At length we came to the deep flowing waters of the river Ipiti. Skirting the banks for a mile or more we came to the bridge—a fallen tree extending little more than half-way across, with a log thrown out from the opposite bank resting on a branch of the fallen tree. Over this rickety structure we passed in safety and a short walk brought us to the first village, which derived its name from the river Ipiti which we had just crossed. Our reception was not extremely cordial, but rather the opposite, as the Indians were not in a good talking mood; so after a short rest we proceeded to the next village which lay a little further on. We did not find so many people there, but our reception was decidedly

better. We were treated to a feast of sweet potatoes which was thoroughly enjoyed after the long march. Our principal hostess, a woman of ample proportions and evidently quite capable of self-defence, became most interesting in her conversation. She talked on many subjects as we sat round the log fire. I listened as well as my language ability and the distraction of savage insects would permit.

She spoke of days gone by when there were greater numbers of Indians dwelling in their forest homes; but now all was changed. Some three years previous to my coming the dreaded plague of smallpox visited their villages. When an Indian was smitten by the plague he rushed off to the water to drown the fire that was burning him up, and the greater number of men and women and children were swept away by death. I have been told that it was no uncommon sight to see the dead lying along the forest path where they fell because there was no one to care for them while they lived and none to bury them when they died. It was a pathetic, heart-rending story. Only when one sits where they sit can one thoroughly understand the unanswered cry of the downtrodden, despised and neglected Indians of the Paraguayan forest. Formerly where there were large villages one now finds a few families. I understand that in some localities practically all the inhabitants perished. God's messenger arrived too late, and the Indians died without having heard of the Great Physician or the story of God's marvellous love for the children of men. There is still a remnant left. Have we a mandate from God to leave them to perish?

I found some thirty inhabitants in this village, and there are, as already stated, hundreds of such places in the forest. What the total number is we cannot tell, but it is evidently considerable and the tragedy is that as yet practically nothing has been done to bring them the Bread of Life. Before leaving the encampment I endeavoured to present to them the good news of salvation, but little if any interest was shown. It was my first visit, and their interest had to be awakened and their confidence won. I gave them a few presents and in return received a large pumpkin.

We then said goodbye and turned our faces homeward toward the river and the various swamps.

The footing on the crazy bridge was none too sure, but we crossed in safety. When these children of the forest come, like ourselves, to the great and final river, one wonders how many of them will know how and where to find the Bridge on which the footing is sure and which reaches to the Father's Home on the other side. To know, they must be told. But how can they hear without a preacher?

These Indians are afraid not so much of death but of the harm the departed spirit may do to them. When a member of the village dies he is buried within his hut. His bow and arrows, the gourd out of which he drank, and the various things used in the chase are placed on the grave. After his companions have bidden their departed friend farewell, the village is usually forsaken and the inhabitants erect another some distance from their former abode. Fear that the spirit of the departed may return and molest the living is the cause of their removal, for they have the inward assurance that the spirit never dies but continues to exist. But where? They cannot tell. That is why it is impossible to find a sceptic or an avowed atheist amongst the Indians. God in His own way by the light of nature and the voice of conscience and the working of His Spirit within has given to them sufficient understanding to know there is the Mighty Spirit which they call by the name Tupa who is ever interested in those who dwell on earth, and who has prepared a land of plenty beyond the grave.

Perhaps we can gather something of the Indian's conception and nature of that place where Tupa dwells from the following conversation. We were sitting round the log fire after the day's work was done, chatting about the far-off land where Tupa the great Spirit lives and reigns as paramount Chief; where the Indians say there are lots of wild pig to be found, where the inhabitants have nothing to do but simply to rest, and eat, and sleep. Those who gain an entrance to that place of abundance have no need to grow weary tracking down the wild beasts of the forest, nor do they require to prepare a plantation in which to

plant their crops, for Tupa provides sufficient food to feed His people. In that land where Tupa lives and reigns, joy and feasting never fail.

There were just three of us squatting around the log fire—Santiago, my Indian boy, the Paraguayan peon, and myself. The conversation afforded an excellent opportunity to explain God's wonderful way of salvation and the eternal inheritance prepared for those who believe, our urgent need, and the way that need was met in Christ. But Santiago had not the least conception of what sin meant or his need of salvation. The peon was in much the same condition; to him it mattered little what a person did so long as he was not found out. Oh yes, they would like to go to that land where Nandeyara-rai (The Son of God) lives and reigns, where there are no stinging insects to annoy, rather than to the land of darkness where exist the evil spirits without hope of release. But living to please Tupa and Nandeyara-rai, His Son, was to Santiago and the peon quite another matter which they were unwilling to accept. Not realising their need, they had no desire for spiritual realities. Thus the fact was clearly revealed that no matter how faithfully the Good Seed is sown, unless the Holy Spirit reveals to the Indian and the Paraguayan the utter corruption of the human heart and its need of cleansing from the defiling stains of sin, they will remain in unbelief, without God and without hope of an eternal inheritance, seeing that salvation is all of grace. How urgent therefore is God's call to prayer? "Give me a voice," cried St. Paul in the words of F. H. W. Myers,

Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining,
Oh let my voice be stormy in their ears,
A throat that would shout but cannot stay for straining,
Eyes that would weep but cannot wait for tears.

We are compelled to confess that Christian service apart from the intervention of the Holy Spirit of God is hopeless. But we have the assurance, as the Apostle declared, that "Your labour

is not in vain in the Lord." Therefore it is God's purpose for us, by His sustaining grace, to labour on in His glorious service and endeavour to plough a straight furrow to the end of the rig, when mowing time comes. Then the Father's Home, the Royal Feast, the Crown of Life, and the joy of being "forever with the Lord."

Chapter Fourteen

A NEW MISSIONARY

ON my return to Caaguazu I discovered that the Mission House had been burgled and a number of articles taken—clothes, boots, razor, etc. So far as I could find, after a thorough inventory, the Mission had lost only one machete. The robber was evidently in search of money, but found none. I only hope the clothes taken fitted him. The boots were new, having been bought during my previous visit to Villarrica. I had been preserving my best suit of clothes for a very special occasion to which I was eagerly looking forward and the celebration of which I hoped would soon take place, but the sneaking thief ran off with the trousers. However, worse things might have happened. I trust that the lesson taught by our Lord was truly learned when He declared, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." For He who knoweth the sparrow's fall will work out His designs on our behalf and will supply all our need; and for every loss we sustain, we have the assurance that God will more than compensate.

This was borne out by the fact that when in Caaguazu I received information from Headquarters in Edinburgh that a new worker was ready to sail to help in the work at Santa Teresa where I had spent so long alone. With the same mail I received a telegram, sent by the new missionary from Buenos Aires, stating that he had arrived and that he expected to sail for Asuncion on a given date. Seeing it was necessary that he should be met on arrival at Asuncion, I immediately prepared for the journey. First a search must be made for the horses; having found them, I

set out for Villarrica with an extra horse for the expected missionary; this meant a day in the saddle. I put up at the home of an English family for the night, and left the two horses in their care. They promised to see to their welfare during my absence. The following day I boarded the train for Asuncion and arrived during the evening. After finding accommodation in a German hotel where I usually stayed when in Asuncion, I set out to visit a missionary friend and his good lady, the only missionaries in the capital—in fact the only missionaries in all Southern Paraguay except myself. Mr. and Mrs. Brinton were Methodists from the United States. Mr. Brinton was in charge of a large school, and also conducted services not only in the city, but in San Bernardino some distance from Asuncion.

Not very long before my previous visit to the capital the Rev. Mr. Brinton and his wife had arrived from North America to take over the work which the Methodist Church conducted. When I first met them they were strangers in a strange land with little or no knowledge of the language, and oh so extremely lonely. I was therefore determined to visit them that evening in case I might not have another opportunity before leaving the city. Mr. and Mrs. Brinton, with their two children, occupied the top flat of a high building, the lower part of which was given over for work in the school. The school being closed, all doors leading to the street were securely closed, as the day's work was finished. I knocked and knocked again at the various doors but without success. The Brintons in their high eyrie could not hear the loud thundering at their doors. I had passed many days and nights alone in the dense forest surrounded by wild beasts and dangerous reptiles, and therefore had some idea what real loneliness meant; but I also knew from experience how lonely one can be in a strange city, and so desired to embrace the only opportunity I might have of seeing my friends.

Failing to make my presence known by the loud knocking, I stepped to the centre of the street and began to whistle "Home Sweet Home." Scarcely had I finished the first bar when up flew the window and out popped Mr. Brinton's head to see who

could be whistling such a strange tune in Paraguay. Needless to say few minutes were permitted to elapse ere Mr. Brinton was at the foot of the long flight of stairs and the door was thrown wide open. The warmth of the welcome I received was indescribable. They were charming, warm-hearted people and earnest Christian workers; but that peculiar disease of loneliness continued to grip their hearts.

After a pleasant evening of rich Christian fellowship I had to bid my friends goodbye and prepare for the next day's duty. The steamer on which I expected the new missionary might arrive at any hour of the morning, and I wished to be at the dock to receive him and help with his baggage through the Customs. But I discovered that Mr. McIntosh had already arrived and was met, accidentally, by a new missionary belonging to the Christian Brethren, who had very recently come to Asuncion. Mr. McIntosh's luggage was then taken to the station, and we continued our journey to Villarrica in due time. I had many things to purchase here which made it necessary to engage a carrier to take the goods and the new missionary's baggage to Caaguazu. After this we went to the farm of our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Insley and family where the two horses had been left. After a refreshing night's rest, we bade our friends farewell and set out for Caaguazu and arrived on the evening of the same day, the 8th February, 1911.

Business moves slowly in Paraguay; we therefore were compelled to remain a number of days in Caaguazu before the carrier arrived with the goods. Having been absent for a considerable time from Santa Teresa, I desired to return as soon as possible, but for the journey much preparation was necessary.

Two cows were purchased, also some fowl, that we might enjoy the luxury of a little milk and eggs if at all possible. It was necessary to engage two peons as the cows required to be led by hand along the winding forest path. When the peons were ready, the journey began, we having with us not only the cattle but a considerable quantity of goods for the Mission Station. Pack animals were necessary to carry the goods. The cattle, which had

never been housed, were difficult to manage in the forest, but after days of strenuous endeavour through streams, over a swiftly flowing river, and many muddy swamps, we reached our destination safely under the guiding and protecting hand of God.

Chapter Fifteen

WELCOME NEWS

AFTER spending some months with Mr. McIntosh visiting the Indians and continuing with the necessary work of the Station, seeking to initiate him into the work, I received a bundle of mail by the hand of a peon who was on his way from Caaguazu to the yerba depot at Puerto Flous. In that bundle was a letter from Headquarters in Edinburgh stating that Miss Donaldson was booked to sail from Liverpool, giving a date which Headquarters evidently thought would give me sufficient time to get away from the forest, where I was stationed, to meet my fiancée in Buenos Aires. But by the same mail I received a telegram from Buenos Aires stating that Miss Donaldson had already arrived and advising me to come with all haste.

The reader can take it for granted that no persuasion on my part was necessary. But how to get away from Santa Teresa in haste was another matter. I had beside me a new missionary who was unacquainted with the people or their language, nor was he accustomed to the lonely life in the forest and could not be left alone. It was necessary therefore to procure two peons who would be willing to remain with Mr. McIntosh until my return. This arrangement took a considerable time to carry out, as few men were willing to remain for long in the forest with a foreigner who knew not their manner of life or language. When this part of the business was accomplished, I required to ride several days through forest, rivers, and swamps before reaching Villarrica to get a train that would take me to Asuncion, and there wait for a river steamer bound for Buenos Aires, a thousand miles down stream.

I arrived at my destination Sabbath evening 6th August, 1911, the birthday of my well-beloved; she had already spent six weeks in Buenos Aires. Our late friend Mr. Fellows, of the then British and Foreign Sailors' Society, several business men, and the British Consul had been seeking information and endeavouring to get in touch with me, but without success. Some had evidently come to the conclusion that I had been killed by a tiger, but their conclusions were all wrong. It takes more than a ravenous beast to silence a live missionary against the will of God. I was safe in His keeping in the heart of the dense forest of Paraguay, though ignorant of the fact that Miss Donaldson was in Buenos Aires and that interested friends were seeking me out for her sake.

Mr. and Mrs. Fellows proved true friends to the lone stranger in her hour of need; although she was alone in a large foreign city and unable to speak the language, the Lord raised up for her many friends, friends who have been faithfully remembered to the present hour, though some have fallen on sleep. Arrangements were made with the Judge for the wedding ceremony to take place on Wednesday afternoon, 9th August, 1911. Mr. Fellows and Mr. Logan (who, when a student, led me to Christ in the year 1895 and who had spent many years of fruitful missionary service in Argentina) agreed to act as witnesses before the Judge. Under the law of the land female witnesses were not then eligible. The only legal marriage recognised in South America is that conducted by the Judge. In the evening we had a religious ceremony in the Victoria Sailors' Home conducted by the Rev. Mr. Doherty of the Lutheran Church. Mr. and Mrs. Fellows, out of the goodness of their hearts, provided for us a beautiful bride's cake, and for the many invited guests a sumptuous feast, and all enjoyed an evening of rich Christian fellowship.

The bride and bridegroom later in the evening slipped away from the many warm-hearted friends and made their way to the train which took them to La Plata, the capital of the province of Buenos Aires, where Mr. Fellows had booked hotel accommodation for us. We spent some ten days in this beautiful place, but

not all the time in the hotel, as Mr. Logan unknown to us had contacted a fellow missionary informing him of our presence in the city. On the second morning after our arrival we received a visit from a complete stranger who invited us to spend the remainder of our time in La Plata with himself and his good wife. In Mr. and Mrs. Smart, who were missionaries from the U.S.A., we found true-hearted friends. Mr. Smart was minister of a church which he had founded in that city and carried on an aggressive Evangelical work among all classes. The last time I saw those two faithful friends was in their little bungalow in the suburbs of Los Angeles in 1918, when on furlough I was doing deputation work in Canada and the States. Having some meetings to address in Los Angeles I called on our good friends of past days and found them enjoying their advanced years under the Californian sun, and, as in former times, rejoicing in the Lord whom they delighted to serve.

After spending ten days in La Plata we returned to Buenos Aires to meet two new missionaries from home who were due to arrive, and take them with us to our Mission Station in the forest. When Messrs. Thomas and Goodall landed we had their baggage trans-shipped from the ocean liner to the river steamer and thus avoided the trouble of passing through Customs. This task being successfully accomplished, we immediately set sail up-river and after seven days landed in Asuncion, situated on the banks of the river Paraguay. The usual procedure with the Customs completed, and the luggage taken to the railway station, we found the train for Villarrica had already gone. Indeed, I was not anxious to leave Asuncion without visiting Mr. and Mrs. Brinton. I knew they were expecting us to call on our arrival. We arranged accommodation in a hotel and then set off for the Brintons' home. They had heard of our arrival in the port and had invited two missionaries with their wives who were now settled in Asuncion. They belonged to the Christian Brethren. I had met them before, but Mr. and Mrs. Brinton invited them to meet the bride and Messrs. Thomas and Goodall. We received a royal welcome from all and, after enjoying a magnificent spread

prepared by Mrs. Brinton, we spent an evening of happy fellowship with those earnest Christian workers. The hours passed rapidly, and as it was growing late we were compelled to bid our friends goodbye, make our way to the hotel, and prepare for the journey on the morrow.

The following afternoon we arrived in Villarrica, left the luggage in the railway station, and went to seek sleeping accommodation. Wishing to keep expenses to the lowest possible minimum, I left Mrs. Whittington and the other two new missionaries to explore Villarrica, while I proceeded to the Insley family, with whom I had left horses, to see if they could give us shelter until arrangements were made to proceed with our luggage to Caaguazu. The good people were quite willing to accommodate us, though we felt that by so doing we were putting them to considerable trouble. I at once returned to the city and brought the newcomers with me, where they received a warm English welcome, and were made comfortable.

My next duty was to find a carrier willing to take all our goods and baggage to Caaguazu. I was fortunate to find an Englishman who agreed to undertake the task.

The goods were taken from the railway station and Mr. Lloyd, for such was his name, took them into safe keeping. Arrangements were made for Mr. Thomas to go with the carts and Mr. Lloyd to Caaguazu. As Mr. McIntosh, who recently came from home, was left alone with two peons while I went to Buenos Aires, I was anxious about his welfare. Mr. and Mrs. Insley agreed to keep Mrs. Whittington while I took Mr. Goodall to Santa Teresa and left him with Mr. McIntosh while I returned to Villarrica for my wife. In the meantime Mr. Thomas would proceed with Mr. Lloyd and the bullock carts, as we had only two horses at Villarrica.

The arrangements having been satisfactorily completed, Mr. Goodall and I set out for Caaguazu and then on to Santa Teresa. After several days riding along the forest path, which my companion found extremely lonely but which had become to me a well-known track, we arrived in due time at our destination and

were pleased to find Mr. McIntosh well, but alone. The last of the two peons who had promised to remain until I returned had left the previous evening. Realising that he required a change, and finding that Mr. Goodall was willing to remain a few days alone, I brought Mr. McIntosh with me to Caaguazu intending to leave him there while I proceeded to Villarrica to bring my wife to her home amongst the forest Indians. On arriving at Caaguazu I found that the carts with the goods had not arrived, so I decided to remain until they came. However, Mr. Thomas having received the loan of Mr. Lloyd's horse arrived on Sabbath evening wellnigh exhausted after a most strenuous and trying experience, with much rain and treacherous roads, which made travelling by bullock cart almost impossible.

I set out on the Tuesday morning with a spare horse for Villarrica, where I found Mrs. Whittington in good health, having been well cared for by all the members of the Insley family. For the kindly attention and the motherly care shown to the stranger within their gates we were most grateful. As we did not leave our kind friends very early in the morning, and as we found that the journey was too fatiguing for one not accustomed to the saddle, we camped for the night by the wayside, having the blue dome of heaven for a covering and the twinkling stars to give light. Early next morning we continued our journey and reached Caaguazu in the afternoon. Mr. Thomas, having rested after his trying and exhausting experience, was looking fit and ready to continue the journey.

We were compelled to remain in Caaguazu for some time, as much preparation was needed for a lengthy stay at Santa Teresa. A goodly quantity of fresh meat required to be cut up and dried in the sun, otherwise it would not be fit for use. More riding horses were needed, also pack animals for the road. All these and many other necessities had to be produced before starting on the long journey through the forest to Santa Teresa.

Chapter Sixteen

A PROLONGED HONEYMOON

IN due time, after many difficulties had been overcome or bypassed, we—Mr. Thomas, Mrs. Whittington and myself—set out on the winding trail to our Mission Station at Santa Teresa. We hoped to reach our destination in four days at least, but in case of any unforeseen accidents by the way, or any hold-ups, we carried with us sufficient provisions to last five days. But, alas! we ran into a spell of wet weather with the inevitable result that rivers, streams and swamps far exceeded their bounds. The first day all went well, and we reached Mboycai at sundown, some fifteen miles on the way. This was the last post of civilisation. We put up for the night at the home of a Paraguayan who lived here on the fringe of the forest. The next morning we were up soon after dawn, but by the time the horses were saddled and their packs arranged it was 7 a.m. So we started off, but had only gone ten minutes when we encountered our first swamp. One of our pack animals was a donkey, and, the swamp not being to her liking, she simply lay down in the mud and required to be lifted out. When the pack was again adjusted she repeated her performance. Then the swamp became deeper and the goods required to be removed from all the animals and carried across to dry land, and this under a burning sun. This bit of work took two hours to perform, and the distance travelled since morning was less than a mile. After a cup of refreshing tea we mounted and plunged into the forest. This was my wife's first experience of a primeval forest, and she was the first white woman to make her way to Santa Teresa. She found the overhanging branches difficult to avoid; indeed they brought her out of the saddle on one occasion,

but nothing the worse from the fall. By sundown we camped at Brazil-cue.

Next morning we were up with the dawn and ready for the road; but at that moment thunder and rain began; so instead of proceeding we required to unpack and erect a small calico tent which afforded little shelter from the heavy tropical rain. We were compelled to remain there all that day and night. The following morning was overcast with heavy clouds. However, as the thunder had ceased we decided to proceed, but had just gone some twenty minutes when the rain again began to fall: nevertheless we kept on our way until the storm increased and compelled us to stop. As there was no camping ground we were obliged to make a clearing for the horses and sufficient space for ourselves. This clearing was made by cutting down the smaller trees and ferns with our bush knife. This being accomplished, we pitched our tent and cut down bamboo canes for the animals to feed on, as there was no grass. After much coaxing we got the fire to light, which gave us some warmth and comfort. Nevertheless we passed a rather miserable day in the rain. Although some distance from any stream we were not deprived of water, being able to get sufficient from the dripping tent, and so we were able to make some tea, and remained in our not very comfortable camping ground that night. The next morning was fine though the trees remained wet, which made travelling unpleasant as the overhanging branches drenched our clothes. By evening we reached Ju-rai and would have gone further, but the stream being swollen by the heavy rain made crossing impossible. We therefore erected the mosquito nets to protect us from the swarms of mosquitoes, and so camped for the night. The greater part of the following day was spent cutting a road round an inlet and building a bridge across the stream. But more trouble lay ahead, for one of the pack animals, carrying flour and rice, when crossing a bridge became frightened and threw his cargo into the stream; but, plunging into the water, we rescued the goods little the worse for the ducking. The next hurdle to cross our path was a gully both wide and deep; this necessitated un-

saddling once again and taking the packs across on our shoulders. By this time the light of day was fast disappearing and so we were compelled to camp close to the water; consequently the mosquitoes eagerly prepared to attack their prey. Next morning saw us up at dawn busy cutting the new path, and so we were able to continue on the march. After riding about an hour we reached the river Capiibary and found it extremely high with a swift current running. Fortunately the side of the river at which we landed was high and dry. The opposite bank was low lying, consequently the deep water extended far out over the camp. Formerly we had a canoe at this crossing, but some careless person after using our canoe did not fasten her securely, so that when the water rose the boat was carried down stream and lost to us for ever. The senior missionary swam the river, taking with him the end of a rope which Mr. Thomas paid out as the swimmer advanced. When the swimmer reached the opposite side Mr. Thomas fastened his end of the rope to the halter of one of the horses; then, having been driven into the water and guided by the rope, the animal made his way to the other side. All the horses having been helped across in the same manner were let loose, where they found sufficient pasture in the meadow beyond the water which had overflowed the river bed.

At the crossing we found a Paraguayan raft composed of a few logs lashed together by creepers which twine round the giant trees. Two ropes are then attached to the raft, one on either side. To manipulate the raft two men are needed, one standing on the bank where the goods are intended to be delivered; he pulls the raft with its cargo across, while his companion pays out the rope, keeping a firm grip so that the raft is not carried down stream. The raft we found at the crossing was old and waterlogged, and therefore extremely heavy to handle. However, after strenuous endeavour the raft was brought to the side where our goods were. When the saddle gear was made secure on the raft, the senior missionary swam the river in order to pull the raft across; while he pulled, Mr. Thomas and my wife did their utmost to prevent the raft with its precious cargo from being swept down stream by the

strength of the current. In spite of all our efforts the raft was carried several yards down the river, and was caught among some branches, before being beached at the desired place. Fortunately the goods were not lost as the raft almost overturned with the weight of the branches in which it was entangled. However, after a considerable amount of labour I managed to cut the trees and branches which held the raft captive; it was brought back safely with its precious cargo to the desired landing place. After securing the saddles and saddle gear high on the branches of trees where the water could not reach them, we were forced to relinquish the task that day. The senior missionary had spent a laborious day almost naked for six hours with insects devouring him all the time. So he was ready to take his last swim for that day and prepare for a night's rest.

There was nothing more we could do but camp for the night. The two new missionaries unacquainted with life in the forest were somewhat disappointed with the progress made, especially as we were within four leagues of our destination, yet so far. Our food had run very low as we had anticipated making the journey in at least four days.

Our rations consisted of a diet mainly of rice without salt, sugar, or milk for breakfast, lunch, and tea for several days. As Mr. Goodall was alone at Santa Teresa we were anxious to reach him as soon as possible. For non-swimmers the Indians and Paraguayans use what they term a "maroma" made by stretching one or two of the long creepers, or vines, which twine round the tall trees, across the river, and attach them to a tree on either side, so that a non-swimmer can pull himself hand over hand across the stream. There was one of these creeper ropes already thrown across, but it appeared to be old and therefore untrustworthy. Mr. Thomas decided, though against advice, to attempt, with the aid of the creeper rope, to get to the other side. My wife, who, like Mr. Thomas, was unable to swim, declared that if Mr. Thomas went she would follow. To make sure that there would be no accident I secured a rope round the strong-minded Welshman's waist. He produced a pair of water-wings

which he inflated, then manfully stepped into the water, took hold of the rope, and prepared for the plunge. But he was only a few yards out from the side when the rope broke; fortunately, by the strength of the current and the line round his waist, we were able to get him back to the dry land. Having done my utmost to dissuade my more junior partners against attempting to cross the river by aid of the old creeper rope, I had no more trouble with them on that score

Having my mind set at rest, and being somewhat anxious about Mr. Goodall, who was alone at Santa Teresa, I caught one of the horses and made for the Mission Station. I was glad to find Mr. Goodall in good health. We pounded some maize into meal, killed a fine fat hen, and made it ready for the pot; also some fat, salt, and beans were put into the kit. Added to these was a round three-legged pot in which to cook the fowl. With these I arrived back at the river about sundown. The problem now was how to get all these things across the river. First, the fowl I tied at the back of my neck, and managed across without difficulty. The beans, fat, and salt could be taken across in a similar manner without suffering much harm. But the round iron pot and the meal caused a problem not so easily solved. Securing the three-legged pot to one's back was out of the question. The next best thing was to secure the meal, already tied in a cloth, within the pot in case of some unforeseen happening. This being done a cord was tied to one of the pot's lugs and the pot with its precious cargo gently placed in the water ready to be towed across. Then, with the cord between my teeth, I started for the other side, but, alas, striking the cord with one of my feet, I sent the pot with its cargo of meal under. But with a tenacious grip on the cord with my teeth, though having swam the swiftly flowing river quite a number of times that day, I was determined to reach my hungry fellow labourers with the pot in which to cook the fowl and the meal with which to make cakes. When I landed and had taken the meal from the pot it resembled porridge. We had cakes that night baked from the wet meal, and my wife, after baking and cooking them, declared they were the finest she had ever tasted.

The following day the fowl was cooked and appreciated: a welcome change from the unsalted or unsweetened rice which had been our staple diet for some days.

On Monday a party of Indians arrived at the river bank, the only people we had seen for more than a week. I arranged with one of these to lead me to a Frenchman's wood-cutting establishment some leagues down the river. The following morning at five we started on the march, the Indian, when necessary, cutting a path through the thick undergrowth. On arriving at our destination we found Monsieur Poisson and his men at breakfast. He immediately jumped to his feet and inquired what he could do for me; if I desired food there was an ample supply at my disposal. I assured him that while we did not have a superabundant supply of food, my sole reason for disturbing him was to see if he would kindly enable us to cross the river where we had been stranded during the past few days. He assured me that he would do all that was necessary. Immediately after breakfast was finished, he and some of his men got into his boat and rowed up the river to the pass at which we were camped, put us and all our goods safely across, and placed us on dry land about a half mile from the river's channel, the water having gone far out over the camp. The good man, with his men, helped us to gather in and saddle up our horses. For that act of kindness shown us in that hour of need, we remain grateful to the present hour. We arrived at Santa Teresa the same afternoon, wet and weary and glad to get home. This was the first house we saw during the past eleven days' journey, which, as my wife said, "I suppose, comprised the tail end of our honeymoon!"

On leaving Caaguazu we told Mr. McIntosh that we would require to return soon, but as we took twelve days on the journey to Santa Teresa, and as there was a considerable amount of work to be done, it was impossible to leave the Indian Station for a number of weeks. While at Santa Teresa we were able to engage a number of Indians to clean the plantation where the maize, mandioca and other vegetables were planted. Of course we had their wives and children, also their numerous pets—

parrots, chickens, quatis, etc.—the latter are like ant-bears. The children are lovable little things. My wife wanted to nurse some of the babies, but they preferred to have their mother's brown face. They were unaccustomed to white-faced ladies, my wife being the first white woman to reach Santa Teresa.

Mrs. Whittington was quite surprised to see how well the Indians could sew, the men being quite as expert as the women. They usually hold the cloth between the toes and turn down the hem equally as fast as women in the home-country do with their fingers. On Sabbath we held our Gospel service, pictures being used to illustrate the subject and to impress it more clearly on their minds. What the result of the Message delivered may be, only eternity will reveal.

Chapter Seventeen

CHRISTMAS DAY AT CAAGUAZU

As I needed to proceed to Villarrica on business, it was necessary to return immediately to Caaguazu; we, that is my wife and I, left Santa Teresa on 18th December. As we were taking two extra horses with us, we engaged to assist us on the road an Indian boy who was sent ahead in the morning to prepare the raft. Mr. Goodall came to the river to help in the crossing; and it was well he did, as there was no sign of the boy. The water had disappeared from the camp, but the river was still high. The saddles and saddle blankets were pulled across on the raft first. The raft was a rickety structure and so waterlogged that the greater part was under the water; however, with two dry logs securely tied to the top of the raft, and a number of bamboo canes of considerable thickness lashed to the logs, it was fairly safe. It was now Mrs. Whittington's turn to step on board; this she did with a stout heart, though not without some trepidation, and not without cause, for the river was both wide and deep and the water covered her shoes. So, Mr. Goodall with a rope on one side and I pulling on the opposite bank, the passenger landed safely. We were just able to get two more loads across when the thunder began to growl and the rain followed. The horses were tethered out in the camp until next morning. The thunder soon passed and we sheltered throughout the night in a little hut composed of palm leaves. Mr. Goodall remained with us overnight in order to help with the horses across river in the morning, but we had a renewed downfall of rain and more thunder and we were, reluctantly, compelled to camp once again by the riverside.

In the afternoon the rain passed, so we were able to dry our clothes. The following morning we were astir about 4.30, but by the time the horses were brought across the river and saddled with their packs ready it was near 7 a.m. We bade Mr. Goodall goodbye and rode hard all day, resting for a short time at midday to make a cup of tea. Then we continued the march until sundown, when we camped for the night. Next day our troubles began with the swamps, which proved to be much worse than when going to Santa Teresa. We had travelled an hour when the first swamp was encountered, which, to say the least, was most uninviting; there was an adjoining stream with a bridge to cross which consisted of a single pole with another to act as a handrail. As the pole was three feet beneath the surface we were unable to see it owing to the muddy discoloured water; we therefore required to go slowly and to feel our way along, as we were afraid that the weight of two might cause the pole to break and plunge us both into the swiftly flowing current. When the bridge had been tested, Mrs. Whittington with a brave heart made the venture and reached the other side safely. The saddles and cargo had then to be taken across. This meant that I required to cross the swamp and stream with a load on my shoulder thirteen times. After this I had to swim the four horses across and saddle up again. The crossing of this swamp and stream took three hours' hard labour. We were in haste to get on our way and so we did not take time to make a meal at midday. However, some Indians we met in the path gave us some Indian corn cobs which we munched while riding. Further on we met some Paraguayans bringing with them a number of horses; the reason for this was that the country had again been plunged into a state of revolution, and these men were fleeing to the forest for shelter, taking with them their horses. The majority of the people have no wish for revolution, but if caught by either side are compelled to fight, while their horses and cattle are confiscated.

About 3 p.m. we reached Mboycai where we could see the first house after we left the dense forest. But before reaching the house it was necessary to cross a swamp which proved the worst

yet encountered. The water in some places reached our armpits and in one gully came up to my wife's chin. Nothing daunted, we swimmingly and smilingly went forward toward the stream with its one pole bridge which, not being straight, had an unpleasant manner of turning under one's feet, making the crossing somewhat dangerous. When my wife was safely across, it was my turn to get the saddles and packs across on my back, which necessitated quite a number of crossings. The reader can imagine the amount of work this task entailed, as it took four hours to get everything across and the horses saddled again.

After a short ride we arrived at the house mentioned above. We were warmly welcomed by the owner and his wife and hospitably entertained. Having had a good supper which was thoroughly enjoyed, we were shown, once again, to a bullock cart in which to pass the night. The first time my wife slept in a bullock cart she found the boards extremely hard, but this time, having been initiated into the life of a pioneer missionary, she thought the cart was quite a comfortable place in which to sleep. The real reason perhaps could be attributed to the fact that she, like myself, was extremely tired after an exhausting day.

The next morning saw us on the road about 7.30. The clouds overhead looked heavy and threatening. When we were within five miles of our destination the thunder began to roll and the rain to descend. Added to this, one of our pack horses lay down through weariness; so we required to walk very slowly and lead him gently along. The poor animal was willing, but having had no pleasure in grazing on the pasture at Santa Teresa, because of the millions of blood-sucking insects, he had become thin and worn. We reached Caaguazu about midday, wet to the skin, tired, but grateful and none the worse for our varied experiences.

As this was my wife's first Christmas away from home, we naturally wished to make the occasion as home-like as possible. We arrived from the forest on Christmas eve, and on our way we gathered some holly to hang on the wall. Having had lunch and a short rest, Mrs. Whittington began to prepare a Christmas pudding for the morrow. As she knew that such a pudding

tastes much better when cooked in a cloth than in a bowl or other dish, the cloth was duly prepared and the pudding having been thoroughly mixed was turned into the cloth which was firmly tied, ready for the pot in the morning. The kitchen was detached from the house, as most kitchens in Paraguay are. The cloth containing the precious pudding was suspended from one of the rafters out of all danger of molestation as we supposed. We then retired for the night glad to have a decent comfortable bed on which to rest.

In the morning, when I went to light the fire, I saw to my horror one of the lean, ill-fed dogs of the village crawl out under the kitchen door. On opening the door I found that not only the Christmas pudding had disappeared, but also the very cloth in which it was tied. All had been eaten by the dog. I returned to the room and told my wife that her precious pudding, with the cloth, had been eaten by a dog. During her trying journeys to and from Santa Teresa she courageously braved rivers, swamps, dangers, and much weariness, joyfully without a complaint or murmur. But when she heard what had befallen the precious Christmas pudding, prepared with so much love and care, the news came as the proverbial "last straw," and being so keenly disappointed, she sat down and wept. However, as there was still some "meal in the barrel" and fruit, purchased in Asuncion on our way from Buenos Aires, left in the cupboard, I endeavoured to cheer her up and suggested she make another. Dashing the tears from her eyes, she dressed, and after breakfast set about to make another which, after it was cooked, was thoroughly enjoyed.

In the early years of the present century Paraguay might aptly be described as the land of revolutions; like the restless sea, no sooner had one revolution receded than another soon appeared, rolling over the land like a devastating flood, threatening to engulf the country. Such needless revolutions degrade youth and hinder the country's progress.

A severe struggle took place during the early part of 1912, which continued several months during which much blood was

shed and needless destruction done, not only to life but also to property. When we arrived from Santa Teresa many rumours were afloat that fierce fighting had already begun in the capital and that soon the whole country might be enveloped in a devastating revolution. As I had some important business to transact in Villarrica, we decided that I should proceed to the city immediately, transact the business and purchase goods for the Mission Station, so that should the fighting reach Caaguazu we would not be without food. I therefore arranged with a young Paraguayan girl to remain with Mrs. Whittington during my absence. Having transacted the necessary business, I purchased a goodly quantity of provisions, sufficient to last several months, and arranged with a carrier to take the goods in his bullock cart to Caaguazu and deliver them as quickly as possible. Afraid that the revolution might soon reach Villarrica, no urgent pressing to start on this journey was necessary.

Having completed all the business, I engaged accommodation in the hotel for the night. When the hour for dinner arrived I sat at a table with a lady and gentleman who were complete strangers to me, as I was to them. The conversation was naturally carried on in Spanish, and ranged over many subjects. I imagined that both were Paraguayans, and they in a similar manner took me to be a native of the country. I noticed that the lady did most of the talking; the husband (for they were husband and wife) scarcely uttered a word. So far as I can remember, the dinner was almost finished, when the subject of schools arose. I discovered that they had at least two sons whom they would like to send to a good school. There had been a German school in Villarrica, but it was closed, without hope of being reopened. It was then, if memory serves me right, I remarked that I was a missionary from Scotland endeavouring to open work amongst the forest Indians. To my astonishment the lady remarked that her husband came from England, and that their home was in the New Australian Colony some leagues from Villarrica; she was a pure Paraguayan, belonging to the better educated class. On receiving this information, the husband, who had remained so

quiet while his wife and I were engaged in conversation on various topics of interest, suddenly became voluble in English, and together we had some interesting talks, though his good lady was now left out of the conversation. Soon they bade me good-night, and I retired to rest. The realisation that it was God who drew us together and directed the conversation with the two strangers, and the implication of that meeting, did not dawn upon me until some months later. Then the fact became real that the guiding Pillar was soon to move forward and command me to follow.

Chapter Eighteen

REVOLUTION

THE ground on which we were permitted to build the Mission Station was not our own; at any moment we might receive notice to quit, and having no redress, would simply require to leave all and go. In the light of all this, and knowing that without a secure anchorage it would be difficult to gather the Indians in large numbers and induce them to settle in the vicinity of Santa Teresa without providing work for them, I therefore sent a proposal to the Director and members of Council to provide, if at all possible, sufficient capital to enable us to purchase the land on which the Mission House was located, also some of the adjacent forest surrounding it.

My object was to stock the "campo" with cattle and engage the Indians to cut yerba. The Indians were accustomed to this work as they were often engaged by the Paraguayans to cut yerba in this part of the forest as contraband. The Indians received little pay for their labour, but the yerba gathered was taken to Villarrica and sold at a goodly price. The yerba *maté* (Paraguayan tea) is a beverage extensively used all over the country, as tea and coffee are used at home. Having travelled widely through the dense forest, visiting little communities far removed the one from the other, I became aware that unless we could gather the Indians together the problem confronting the foreign missionary of evangelising the aborigines would be insuperable. Of course we were aware that the best and perhaps the only way to reach these wandering children of the forest was through the Paraguayan Evangelist, but as yet we had few Paraguayan believers, and none trained for such an arduous undertaking.

In the meantime the revolutionary forces were active, rounding up all men and horses they could commandeer. In Caaguazu few, if any, active men were left; all had fled to the forest to escape the press-gangs that roamed the countryside. The old men with the women and children were left behind. But the Mayor of the Department stood manfully to his post. With the help of a boy we took our horses some distance into the forest and left them in a small "campo" where there was good pasture. There were other horses in the same place left by their owners so that they might be safe from the marauders. The Mission House became a refuge for many of the women and girls and a repository for their valuables in clothing, jewellery and other such like; among these was an antiquated sword which doubtless saw active service in the great war waged against Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. The revolution was not destined to come to an end before Caaguazu was invaded. We were aroused one morning by much noise and shouting in the public square. On looking out we saw many soldiers running hither and thither. Caaguazu was held to ransom. The Mayor possessed the largest store in the village; this they sacked, laying hands on whatever they desired. Then, at the point of the sword, a large sum of money was demanded from the owner, who was the chief man of the place. He declared that all his money had been sent to the bank in Villarrica, and therefore he was unable to meet their demand. At the risk of his life, he stoutly denied that he had any money in the house. "Then gather from the people the sum demanded," was the officer's command. So his poor wife began her weary journey round the different houses to see if she could gather the required amount. She received from the people a considerable sum, but still lacked more than five hundred dollars when she came to us. As we had recently received our allowance from home headquarters, we were able to make up that which was lacking. She returned to her husband, whose life was still threatened, and delivered the amount demanded.

Having received the ransom money they retired half a league or more from the village and there pitched their tents. The

women and girls crowded into the Mission House seeking shelter. My wife had made a Union Jack, which on such occasions was kept flying. But had we not made a frequent resort to "All Prayer" we might have emerged from the furnace of testing with a different and sadder experience. That was a night long to be remembered, with frightened women and girls lying all over the floor and huddled into every corner. They had much cause to be afraid, as it was noised abroad that the revolutionaries intended to raid the Mission House; they had evidently heard that the women and girls had taken refuge under our roof. At the sound of the least noise the women were on their feet, afraid that at any moment the door might be broken down and the house filled with reckless men ready to commit the foulest crime. All necessary precautions having been taken, we commended ourselves, and all under our care, to Him who said "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

What a relief it was to those women and girls when dawn broke and they were able to return to their own homes, and with a watchful eye attend to the needs of their several families. Their goods and treasures remained under our protection, and they were ready to return should occasion arise.

After the women and girls had gone, I received a visit from the Mayor, who carried under his arm a parcel wrapped in brown paper and tied with a cord. He handed over the parcel, asking me to keep it safe until the troops had left the vicinity. On the previous day, at the sword's point, he lied to the officer when he declared that all his money had been deposited in the bank at Villarrica, and that he had therefore none in his house to give. Now he said in effect, "This is my money and I want you to keep it safe for me." He did not tell me the amount of money the parcel contained, nor did I ask him. He trusted me and that was sufficient. This was the man who on former occasions when spoken to about the Gospel and man's need of a Saviour declared that he was an atheist, but who nevertheless gratefully received a New Testament. We, by the grace of God, had so won his

confidence that he could trust us with an unnamed amount of money—yes, with all he possessed—which he would never entrust to his own fellow countrymen. He was not the only one who could trust the foreign missionaries with what they possessed. Would that they might turn unto the Lord and trust their lives to His saving, keeping and transforming power as they trusted themselves to us.

During those weeks when detained in Caaguazu we were kept busy attending the sick who came daily seeking aid. My wife was the chief physician, having gained some medical knowledge before coming to the Field. Under her instructions I was able to help in various ways. Our home, which consisted of two rooms, was converted into a dispensary. The patients came in the morning with their ailments; during the afternoon we required to compound the different medicines, which were distributed to each patient in his or her home. Needless to say they were compounded with much prayer with a goodly amount of faith added to the contents. Those efforts were blessed to the complete restoration of many.

One day we were visited by a soldier sent by the commanding officer of the camp. The soldier stated that his commanding officer was ill and wished to know if we would treat him. I immediately went as requested and diagnosed the officer's malady. The medicine prescribed proved most effective. A few days later I found that our horses, which were hidden in the forest, had been discovered and commandeered for service. On receiving this information I immediately went to the officer whom we had recently treated and demanded to know why he had taken our horses. He told me that he was unaware that they had been rounded up, but that I should send a boy and they would be returned without delay. He humbly apologised for the inconvenience given.

Perhaps it was well that we were kept so busy and not allowed time to brood over our adverse circumstances and isolation, or to give overmuch time to the many reports of crime and outrage that were continually reaching us. We were kept busy with the

sick, dispensing medicine and attending to all who came to us for help, and visiting sufferers in their homes who were too ill to come. All kinds and conditions of infirmities were brought by young and old. God wonderfully blessed our efforts in this branch of the work. Almost all cases taken in hand were successfully treated. Some there were to whom medicine could do little good. One old lady who had seen at least a hundred summers, remembering Dr. Francia—1814 to 1840—and who had reached a stage of life where medicine could do little permanent good, came to us as others did. We gave her all the help possible under the circumstances, but because the first few doses did not give complete relief she cast our medicine away and returned to her familiar herbs. Another aged woman who had been blind for many years promised her devoted service during the remainder of her days if we would only bring light to her sightless eyes. This was beyond our limited ability, but we endeavoured to lead her to the Great Physician whose power is unlimited and who was willing to open the eyes of her soul and give spiritual sight that would never grow dim.

Our hands were so fully occupied that some days it was almost impossible to find time for cooking or eating. We had two indoor patients who remained with us till they were healed. The treatment of their bodies presented golden opportunities to point men and women to the Healer of sin-diseased souls. The touch of kindness and the word of sympathy led to the unburdening of many hearts, and let us see into their lives in a manner that would have been otherwise impossible.

We were aroused one Sabbath morning at 4 a.m. by a loud knocking at the door; on opening it we found several men carrying another on a bed which they had used as a stretcher. On examining the patient we discovered that his right arm had been cut open from the elbow to the wrist, so that the bone of his forearm was left practically bare. After the wound was cleaned many stitches required to be inserted and the arm bandaged securely; his friends carried their wounded companion home. When we had finished this operation, the Chief of Police, having

returned to the village, as the soldiers had gone, told us that the Corporal was in a very critical condition; he was lying on the barrack floor, was unable to rise and needed immediate attention. He desired that we see him at once. Mr. Goodall, who had arrived in Caaguazu from the forest, went with me to the barrack, and we found the poor fellow lying in a pool of blood.

He had galloped a league and a half from the house where the fighting had taken place and had thrown himself on the floor exhausted. We had him carried to the Mission House for examination and discovered a deep wound near his heart, which had evidently been inflicted by a stiletto and which proved to be deep; we were afraid of internal haemorrhage, and so kept him in the Mission House, where he required to lie on his back without moving for more than three weeks. After a period of five weeks or more he was able to go home. During that period his mother remained by his side, and at times two or more of his sisters. There were many reports of dark deeds committed by the revolutionary forces, and the mother and sisters were evidently glad to find shelter under the roof of our kitchen, which also served as the hospital ward. Such inconveniences opened doors through which the missionary could enter and tell of a Saviour's love. The result of such efforts eternity alone will reveal.

Some of the good seed may have fallen on stony ground, as in the case of one man whose wife had been successfully treated and who had received medicine for his own ailment; he made a profession of faith in Christ; for a time he made a noble stand and was not ashamed of the Gospel, or afraid to present it to his fellow countrymen. But he was living in most trying circumstances and surrounded by many temptations. For a time he resisted boldly and was apparently prepared to make all sacrifice. But at last the enemy with his subtle temptations became too strong; his ardour and love cooled, and he ceased to shine as formerly. Others who were faithfully dealt with became interested in the study of the Scriptures, the Good Seed having, we believe, fallen on good ground. Our sole endeavour had been to reach out and rescue the perishing Indians and Paraguayans, to

stoop down beside the fallen, to sorrow with the sorrowing and to love the seemingly unlovable. Our duty was to sit where they sat and to sow beside all waters. The results we left with the Lord, knowing that to Him alone belongs the prerogative to cause the seed to germinate, and to gather in a harvest from among those long neglected people, for His own glory.

Chapter Nineteen

THE PILLAR BEGAN TO MOVE

FOR a considerable time we had been expecting a visit from the Director of the Mission to confer with the missionaries on the Field regarding the future of the work in which we were engaged; but, owing to the revolution, he and a new missionary were held up in Asuncion for a number of weeks, and they were unable to get into touch with us nor we with them. We presumed that when the fighting ceased he would go north with the new worker, and therefore not reach Caaguazu for a considerable time. So when the revolution came to an end my wife and I set out for Santa Teresa in order to relieve Messrs. Thomas and Goodall, who had bravely held the fort during our absence. We took with us two boys, one who had been left with us for treatment, but who by that time had fully recovered. The other was our own beloved boy, Angel by name; one of the most lovable boys we have encountered in Paraguay. He was not only willing, but also honest, faithful and true, full of innocent pranks, and ready for fun.

The journey was uneventful, the same rivers and swamps to cross, but this time the swamps were not so forbidding, and the water in the streams and rivers was lower than on previous occasions. In due time we reached our destination and found our two brethren in good health. They had been doing an excellent work among the Indians and had treated a number of those who were ill. After some time they returned to Caaguazu for a much-needed change and rest. We informed them that the Director would in all probability be in Paraguay, but detained in Asuncion and unable to travel north with the new worker or come

direct to Santa Teresa owing to the revolution. Our brethren were directed to act on Mr. Hay's instructions; should they receive word that he intended to come direct to Santa Teresa, they would meet him at Villarrica with a spare horse and bring him to the Indian Station.

There was always plenty of work to do at Santa Teresa—seeing to the plantations, visiting the Indians, and replastering some of the walls from which the plaster had fallen. Owing to the sandy nature of the soil the plaster was prone to crumble and fall. The Indians were most friendly and evidently pleased to have us back amongst them again. But our sojourn proved to be of short duration as the Pillar began to move and beckon us to follow.

At last Mr. Hay with Messrs. Thomas and Goodall arrived, and we had earnest and prayerful consultations as to the best method of carrying on the combined work amongst the Paraguayans of South-east Paraguay and the Indians of the forest. The Council in Edinburgh had already been advised that unless we purchased the ground in which the Mission House stood, with part of the surrounding forest, it would be impossible to induce the Indians to settle in the vicinity; and furthermore, as we were little more than squatters, both we and the Indians could be removed, by law, at any moment. We learned that Mr. Hay had received sanction to purchase the necessary land if possible. But on enquiring about the purchase of land it was discovered that clean title deeds could not be guaranteed, and the prospect of a new railroad from Villarrica made the price of land prohibitive. Already the engineers were engaged in mapping a way through the forest which, if carried through, would bring the railway not many leagues from Santa Teresa. One could afterwards discern that the railway scheme—which was never carried out—was used of God to change our plans for the work. After much deliberation and prayer, rearrangements calculated to bring the work into line with changed conditions were decided on, which, we trusted, would produce satisfactory results in consolidating and developing the work. In the meantime Messrs. Thomas and

Goodall would remain at Santa Teresa and later remove to Villarrica, from which to reach both the Paraguayans and the Indians of the forest.

The reader will remember the casual meeting I had with two parents, in a hotel at a dinner table, who were anxious to have their boys educated. Why we as strangers were brought together was now revealed. One could see that the meeting was arranged by God Himself. If, as we had arranged, Villarrica was to become the base of operation not only for the Indian work but also for the work amongst the Paraguayans, how better could a start be made than by establishing a school, first for the English-speaking boys, as there were a number in and around Villarrica, and later for the Paraguayan children? We immediately began to make arrangements which were in due time put into operation.

Part Three

Chapter Twenty

THE NEGLECTED INDIANS OF BRAZIL

HISTORY tells us that "the first Protestant settlement in America was the French Reformed colony in Brazil. And, as they began the work among the native Indians there, they also have the honour of being the first Protestant missionaries. In 1555 a French colony was settled in Brazil. It was led by Villegagnon, vice-admiral of Brittany." It is interesting to know that he was the one who in 1548 brought Mary Queen of Scots safely to France in spite of the English warships whose commanders were ever on the watch. Villegagnon espoused the Protestant cause and founded a French colony in the new world. The expedition sailed from Le Havre on 12th July, 1555, and landed in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, 10th November, 1555. They took possession of the country in the name of France, calling it Antarctic France. There is an island in the harbour which still bears his name, Villegagnon.

"On 4th February, 1556, he sent one of his ships back to Europe, and through it sent word, asking for some Reformed ministers for the colony, and the Church of Calvin, at Geneva, at once appointed two ministers. They set sail, together with about a dozen artisans from Geneva, led by DuPont, in a ship which had about 200 colonists. After being almost shipwrecked they arrived at Rio de Janeiro on 9th March. When they saw land, they rejoiced with new joy at being the first to tell the story of Christ to the heathen."

The two missionaries were Peter Richer and William Chartier. On landing, a thanksgiving service was held, at which they sang the 5th Psalm, after which Richer preached on the 26th Psalm. On 26th March they celebrated the Lord's Supper, the first time a

Protestant communion service was ever celebrated in the continent of America. Though the two missionaries were sent to care for the spiritual needs of the colonists, they were so touched by the neglected conditions of the natives that they endeavoured to reach them with the Gospel through an interpreter. Thus we learn from Good (*History of the Reformed Church in the United States*) how some of the Indians of Brazil were first introduced to the story of Calvary.

Alas! those two missionaries and Protestant colonists soon discovered that wherever Rome holds absolute dominion no freedom is given to those who proclaim the Word of God. The tragedy is that Rome's attitude to the Gospel of the free grace of God has not changed since that day when the first Christian missionaries were debarred from proclaiming the Word of Life to the Indians of Brazil.

Since those days when the missionaries from the Church of Geneva were debarred from carrying the Gospel message to the natives of Brazil, one has failed to discover a single concentrated effort made by any modern Evangelical society or denomination to settle among the Indian tribes of that great land since the year 1556 until we, as a Society, began missionary work among the Tereno Indians in the State of Matto Grosso.

For quite a time I had known of this tribe of Indians, the greater number of whom lived in a government reservation at Bananal; a tribe that might easily be reached by the missionary, but which was still untouched by the Gospel of the grace of God. One felt that the Pillar was beginning to move forward in that direction. I placed all the facts I had learned about these Indians before Mr. Hay. After due consideration and much prayer for guidance, the decision was taken that he and I should explore the position for ourselves. We felt that an effectual door was open. For centuries the numerous tribes of Brazilian Indians had been bypassed by the members of the Church of Jesus Christ. Having obtained the vision we felt that our refusal to follow the moving Pillar and enter the open door would mean a base betrayal of that call we had received from God.

We immediately (that is Mrs. Whittington, Mr. Hay and myself) determined to set forth on the journey to Caaguazu, taking the two boys back to their homes. After an uneventful journey we arrived at Caaguazu, where we remained a few days to give the horses a rest. The horses being again fit, we started for Villarrica. As it was necessary to travel slowly we did not reach the city until the afternoon of the second day. As usual our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Insley and the family gave us a warm welcome. The following morning we entrained for Asuncion. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. Ross of the Christian Brethren were at the station and took Mr. Hay with them to spend the night. My wife and I went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brinton, who had kindly invited Mrs. Whittington to remain with them while we were on the journey to Brazil.

The next leg of our journey took us some three hundred miles by steamer up the Paraguay river to Concepcion, which we reached the following night. Here we were met by Mr. Merri-man, who had recently arrived from home and was just getting into harness by way of acquiring the rudiments of the language. He looked healthy and spurned the idea of feeling lonely. We at once set out to look for horses, strong horses capable of carrying us on a long, fatiguing journey that might take many weeks to accomplish. We were led to two of the finest horses I had ever ridden in South America. The price was somewhat high, but they were good and to our liking. We were unable to procure a pack animal in Concepcion, but found one on the way and so were able to travel lighter. The path over which we travelled led us through Horqueta, where I first began my labours in Paraguay, a place in which, in spite of much opposition, the Lord's power to save souls was experienced. Horqueta still, after well-nigh sixty years, retains a large place in my affections. We visited Juan de la Cruz, our joy and crown (the second to take his stand for Christ). He and his family were delighted to see us. We remained for the night and had a wonderful time of fellowship together before retiring to rest.

After travelling some days we reached Bella Vista, a frontier

town on the border between Paraguay and Brazil. A river divides the town; that on the Paraguayan side had a population of some two thousand, while on the Brazilian side there were about a thousand. There was no school on either side, nor was there a chapel on the Brazilian side. But a fine barracks intended to accommodate two thousand men was under construction. It was a fast growing town, but without a witness for Christ and His Gospel. One would fain have seen that place occupied by a missionary. But none was ready to "stand in the gap" or respond to the call of that needy frontier town.

Our first contact with the Indians was made on 21st August, 1912, in the far interior of Brazil after we had reached Nioac, a small town in the State of Matto Grosso. In the morning after our arrival we received a visit from the Chief of a community of Tereno Indians settled some three leagues distant from the town. The Chief, Capitao Victorino da Silva, was accompanied by his son, Juan Victorino. We had an interesting talk together and accepted their pressing invitation to visit the village and meet the different families residing there. News had reached the village that we were on our way. On our arrival we found that the women had dressed themselves in their brightest garments decked with ribbons and many ornaments. One interesting figure who sat in the centre of a group to have their photo taken by Mr. Hay was an old lady, the Chief's mother, said to be over a hundred years old. Their possessions included a number of horses and some cattle. We were well received by the inhabitants and hospitably entertained. The Indians in this locality were not influenced to any great extent by the teaching of Rome, but they were most anxious to have a teacher settle among them.

After saying farewell to these kindly but needy Indians we struck out for Bananal, some five days' hard riding from Nioac. Bananal is the principal village of the Tereno Indians. We rode direct to the Chief's house, but he was not at home. However, we waited till he arrived and had a long talk together. He became much interested when we explained the object of our visit, and freely gave us some valuable information about his people. The

population of Bananal would number around three hundred or more souls. About two miles distant from Bananal lies the village of Ipegue with a further population of perhaps one hundred and fifty. The two villages lie within the government reservation. The Indians have a fair number of cattle and horses. Like those we saw in the vicinity of Nioac, they seemed fairly industrious, and supported themselves in a similar manner. They were eager to have their children educated, and were in the act of erecting a school house in Bananal for that purpose. The Chief assured us that should we come and settle among them they would grant us ground on which to erect a mission house and, furthermore, would help in its construction and provide the teacher with food.

The Chief sent for the men of Ipegue to have an interview with us, which they did, arriving the following morning and conducting us to their village. We were most hospitably entertained by the people of this village. The Chief conducted us to his own house and introduced us to his wife. The good lady cooked an excellent meal which she set before us on a well-set table covered with a snow-white cloth. We slept in hammocks that night in the same room where the Chief and his wife lay. He was the first person astir the next morning. Having kindled the fire for his wife, he swept the room and then conducted us round the village so that Mr. Hay might take some photos which he desired to have. On returning, we found that his wife had prepared a sumptuous breakfast consisting of beef, rice and eggs, which was enjoyed. The inhabitants of Ipegue, like others we had seen, expressed their desire for a teacher and their willingness to receive and help any who would settle among them.

Some two leagues distant one hundred or more Indians were employed on a cattle ranch and sugar plantation. The son-in-law of the Ipegue Chief acted as our guide to this place. We were courteously received by Senor Estavao Correa, the owner of this large estate, and invited to remain overnight as his guests. The following morning after breakfast our host procured for us an Indian from Caxueirinha, another village of the Terenos which we desired to visit. The Indian was returning home and agreed to

guide us on our way. We reached the village after a four hours' ride along a winding forest track and were received by the inhabitants in a friendly manner. When we told the Chief of our visit to the different villages, and explained the object of the visit, he called his people together to hear what we had to say. They listened with close attention to the story we came to tell. But one could see that the head man was not over demonstrative regarding the proposition set before him. In the evening one of the leading men entertained us to supper. He was a bright young man, active and most intelligent. He could neither read nor write but was eager to make us understand how much he desired to have the young people educated. When he was told that should we settle here, not only would the young people be taught, but also the adults if they so desired, his eyes sparkled at the idea that he might yet have an opportunity to read and write.

Our next visit was to the village of Pasuerinha where a number of Indians reside. Here we were welcomed by the head man and treated to the usual cup of black coffee. There are some thirty or more Indians at this place and others scattered in the neighbourhood, all within less than an hour's ride from Miranda, one of the oldest towns in Matto Grosso with little signs of progress. But when the railway, which was under construction, passes through Miranda it may waken to the realities of a new life.

Miranda was the terminal where we dismounted from our noble steeds which had carried us so many long weeks over dusty roads and rolling plains. Having been reared among horses from childhood, I was loath to part company with faithful friends. But as we could not take them further, it was necessary to sell at a reduced price, and bestow upon them the last parting clap of affection as we said farewell and turned away.

The little launch with a barge attached which brings the goods to replenish the shops in Miranda travels very infrequently. No person appeared to know when she might come; it might be a week, a fortnight, or longer; we therefore decided to purchase a dug-out canoe and paddle down the Miranda river to the river Paraguay, and down the Paraguay to the nearest port of call, to get

a steamer that would take us to Concepcion. When all the goods necessary for the long journey and the saddle gear were on board the dug-out, we started down the rolling river. Mr. Hay was an expert with the paddle, as he had used it for many years when working among the Lengua Indians of the Chaco. But to me, paddling appeared little more than wasted energy. Were we to stick to the paddles the journey would be both long and laborious. On the second day I suggested we convert the dug-out into an out-rigger. But that was easier said than done, seeing that we lacked the necessary tools for such an operation. However, we decided to have a try. I had my machete and also a sheath knife, which every wise pioneer missionary carries when travelling through the wilds. With the machete, or bush knife, four young trees were cut down, two from which to make oars, the other two to lash across the dug-out before and behind the oarsman. Then across these two saplings two smaller ones were tied a foot or so out from the side of the canoe. Each of these had the stem of a branch around which the oar could be loosely tied to act as a rowlock.

This being accomplished, the two saplings required to be dressed into the proper thickness for oars, but for the blades, a piece of plank was fortunately found in the bottom of the dug-out; this was cut into two equal parts, four holes in each part were bored with the sheath knife, then lashed round each sapling already prepared. In beauty of design our out-rigger would never be mistaken for one of the skiffs seen on the Clyde or Thames, but for utility the comparison was distinctly marked in her favour. Now that the former dug-out was remodelled and completely transformed, with Mr. Hay at the stern using the paddle and myself seated between the two cross-bars, with an oar in each hand, we made her spin along the winding stream.

The beauty of that region was indescribable; the trees, shrubs, and flowers were of varied hue, rich and beautiful in colour and design, the tree-lined banks of the river abounded with bird life of various species. The little humming bird, and parrots both large and small, were found in flocks in their search for fruit; the

giant flamingoes, with their crimson breasts, beautiful plumage and black hoods which reminded one of a row of the Royal Life Guards standing at attention, were seen in large numbers; the spoon-bill, the egret with its magnificent feathers, and many other varieties were innumerable. During my years in the forest of Paraguay (though their spoor could be seen not far from where we had slept) I never saw a live tiger in the wilds until journeying down the Miranda river. He was a beauty, graceful in all his movements; but on seeing us he immediately disappeared among the dense undergrowth of the forest.

Day after day, with the tropical sun's rays beating upon our heads, we rowed and paddled along that peaceful river, and after some ten days reached Porto Esperanca. There we boarded a steamer on her way down stream from Corumba to Concepcion. On our arrival we encountered Mr. Merriman, who was looking remarkably well, and gradually getting to know the people to whom he had come with the message of salvation. We related to him our experiences among the Tereno Indians and the prospect in view. We again embarked, this time for Asuncion, at which port we arrived safe some two months from the date of our departure. I was naturally glad to see my wife looking so well and happy, also our good friends the Brintons who had so kindly cared for Mrs. Whittington during our absence.

Mr. Hay immediately prepared for his departure to Buenos Aries and the homeland, while we prepared for our return to Villarrica to make arrangements for the transfer of the work from Santa Teresa to Villarrica, which had a population of fifteen thousand souls and all in need of someone to reach them with the Gospel.

Chapter Twenty-One

A FORWARD ADVENTURE

MUCH preparation required to be made before we could move forward into a new field of operation. Our first duty was to rent a house in Villarrica suitable for the work which had been planned. But suitable premises were difficult to procure. However, after a diligent search which necessitated a journey to Asuncion, one was found, though not so large or commodious as one would desire; yet it suited our purpose for the time being.

The removal of the Mission base from Caaguazu to Villarrica was not only of strategic importance to the missionaries, but of spiritual importance to the people of southern Paraguay. Villarrica is the chief city outside Asuncion in southern Paraguay; it is within easy reach of all the towns along the railway, and is a centre from which many surrounding villages can be regularly visited. There were also many of our fellow countrymen with their families living in and around the city, and they with their children needed spiritual care. Indeed it was the couple, already mentioned, I met in the hotel who gave me the key by which an effectual door might be opened and a spiritual work started that would lead to the conversion of many souls.

Our plans were that, in addition to the work among the Indians, we would use Villarrica as a Mission base from which to carry on evangelistic work in the city and surrounding towns and villages, and at the same time visit the forest Indians on all possible occasions until we were able to settle native Evangelists among them. When we had secured suitable premises, a quiet work was inaugurated before the year 1912 came to a close. Steps were taken, in response to numerous requests, to open a school for the

children of English-speaking parents. The Rev. Daniel Thomas was put in charge of this branch of the work. The school began with a number of boys, some of them coming from the New Australian Colony. Those coming from a distance entered as boarders, the local boys being day-pupils. A Sabbath school was also opened, and of this quite a number took advantage. Mr. Thomas, writing of his experiences at a later date, states: "Our Mission took this forward step with mixed feelings perhaps, but in the assurance of God's leading, and in the month of March an English school was opened in Villarrica. In less than two months from the opening God set His seal upon the School, using it to bring us into contact with a young Paraguayan who was led to the Saviour, and who has since been accepted as a Native Worker."

Agustin Jara, so was his name, became a live wire in the field of evangelism and has been greatly used among his fellow countrymen. Having experienced the saving power of the risen Christ in his own life, he was ever eager to point others to the Lamb of God.

It is not an easy thing to pull up one's roots, after a sojourn of five years among a people whom even with all their faults one has learned to love. But the guiding Pillar had lifted ready to move forward, and we were impelled by the constraining love of God to follow into a new field and to labour among a different people with a strange language. Before leaving Villarrica we visited many Indians of the forest on two different occasions after returning from our Brazilian trip, and, having said goodbye to those Children of the Forest, we were now called upon to say farewell to our many friends and acquaintances, and the promising work that had just been inaugurated in Villarrica, with God's signal blessing already resting upon it. With Mr. and Mrs. Howard and their little boy (two new missionaries straight from home), my wife with our infant daughter of three months, we left for our new field of service in Brazil on the 11th May, 1913. Dona Francisca, an old woman, whom Mrs. Whittington engaged to help her with the work, and who promised to remain as

housekeeper for Mr. Thomas and the school-boys, stood at the door weeping bitterly at parting with the baby she delighted to nurse.

We were in Asuncion for Independence Day, always a day to be remembered in Paraguay—a day when the Spanish yoke was broken, the chains by which the people were bound cast off, and she became a free nation. Asuncion was in its gayest mood, decorated with flags, bunting, and all manner of ribbons. A steamer was due to leave on the 16th. We booked our berths, then said goodbye to our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Brinton and their three children, also to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Ross, and so set sail.

We had a pleasant trip up-river; our intention was to disembark at Porta Esperanca (as the railway line, which was under construction when Mr. Hay and I visited Bananal, had already passed that station) and proceed to our destination by rail. But owing to the floods which had inundated Porta Esperanca we were compelled to go on to Corumba, almost another day's sail up river. In Corumba no accommodation could be obtained in any hotel, as all were full. We went to a restaurant for lunch and made known our plight to the owner, who immediately offered accommodation if we were willing to sleep in a room at the back of his premises, which we were glad to accept. He was a coloured man; after all arrangements had been made, we discovered that he hailed from the U.S.A. and that English and not Portuguese was his mother tongue.

We had some fifty pieces of luggage, both large and small, to get through the Customs; so far as we were aware there was nothing in any of the boxes on which duty could be charged; but the Custom house officials could demand that every piece of baggage be opened for inspection. This would cost much labour and sweat, as Corumba is said to be one of the hottest places in Brazil. However, we need not have had any fear, for the Lord was going on before preparing the path for our feet. The restaurant to which we were led, and in which we resided, was frequented by men of many nations. Among them was an

Englishman who was superintendent of the electric plant for lighting the town. He was a friendly man and, so far as one could judge, far removed from other foreigners in his high moral code of conduct. We made known to him our fears regarding the goods in the Customs. He assured us that he would make it a matter of plain sailing so far as we and our goods were concerned. Since we were at a loss to know what authority or influence he had with the officials who could compel us to open our fifty cases, he divulged the secret that he was a member of the Masonic Order and that, seeing we had nothing dutiable, he would speak to the Custom-house officials who were also Freemasons. This he did, with the result that of the fifty or more cases we were asked to open only one, and it was not even examined.

We left Corumba on the 25th May on board a little launch with a barge attached to its side. The launch boasted three tiny cabins, but the barge had none. There were sixteen ladies, eight children, eight men, and our two babies, making a total of thirty-four passengers on board. The captain made sure that his own countrymen with their families would secure the cabins; the others required to fend for themselves. Some canvas was erected round a portion of the barge to give protection from the wind, and the ladies and children who had no cabins slept there on the cold, hard iron deck; this was our first-class accommodation. Three days and three long weary nights were spent in those far from pleasant or comfortable conditions. On the afternoon of the third day we arrived at Miranda. The town had only one hotel and we, being detained with so much baggage taken to found a new Mission Station, discovered that the hotel's accommodation had already been taken. However, we were not left without a shelter, for the owner of a restaurant kindly permitted us to remain under his roof. The outstanding difference between our new abode and that of the barge was that we were elevated from the cold iron deck to a table on which to rest. As there was no train due until Friday we remained in the restaurant, while our goods lay at the railway station ready for the next move.

We entrained on Friday, 30th May, and arrived at Bananal in

the evening. The station was composed of a railway waggon placed high on some sleepers. Our baggage was thrown out beside the track; the station-master kindly prepared for us a welcome cup of tea, and, as it was then too late to proceed to the Indian village, he invited us to remain in the station waggon during the night. He removed his hammock to make room for us to stretch on the floor. There was also another wayfarer, a Turk, who shared our accommodation. The night was bitterly cold and the boards and the floor of the waggon uncomfortably hard, especially for the two ladies who were weary and required to nurse their children. It was now the sixth night since we were able to undress or change our garments. But there were greater, though as yet unseen, difficulties lying ahead, difficulties of which we had never dreamt, and which God alone could remove.

Just before sundown the Indian Chief, with two other men from the village, arrived and he was evidently pleased to see us. They removed our goods from beside the railway track and placed them near to the waggon which had been converted into a temporary station, promising to return next morning with carts to have our goods taken to the village. However, when the Indians discovered that we had not been sent by the Government, and that we did not possess written permission to settle among them, their attitude immediately changed. I reminded the Chief that, seeing he and his people had invited us to settle among them, we did not imagine that permission was necessary, but that I would get into communication with the Society for the Protection of Indians and obtain the necessary permission. The following morning, instead of the carts, I received a message to the effect that they would not receive us without the said permission. I visited the village the same day; in fact I was on my way there when I received the message, but on arrival the Chief could not be found. I talked with some of the men and sought to persuade them to give us the use of a hut in which to find shelter, at least for the time being. But I was promptly told that they would not allow us even to camp on any part of the land without official authority.

Chapter Twenty-Two

FACING A CRISIS

WE felt that we were facing a crisis which would mean much for, or against, the evangelisation of the Indians of Brazil. We were confronted with a barrier which appeared insurmountable. To retreat, having had the assurance that we were in the will of the Lord, was unthinkable. To go forward, in the meantime, was impossible. But we acted on the principle of faith and found that on the upward path there were no obstacles to prohibit us from presenting our position before the Lord. As we had no place in which to find shelter from the fierce rays of the tropical sun by day and the heavy dews by night, it was necessary to erect two improvised tents with our sheets and blankets beside the railway track. I had a series of interviews with officials in Aquidauana—a prosperous town some thirty miles further on by rail—Bananal lay in the department of Aquidauana, and was therefore under the jurisdiction of her officials. This faith-testing experience, as I laboured with interviewing the local officials and despatching telegrams for the needed permission from the authorities in Rio de Janeiro, extended over a period of some weeks. In the course of these interviews I learned that the Government were sending three officials to every reservation of Indians in Brazil; that a school teacher, a director, and another official were expected to arrive soon in Bananal; that books and school requisites and a quantity of agricultural implements had already arrived. After receiving this information I telegraphed to the office of the Society for the Protection of Indians, in Rio de Janeiro, and also the British Consul, explaining our present position and the invitation we had received from the Indians when we visited them the previous

year, when they had promised to give every assistance in erecting a schoolhouse. Having despatched the telegrams we had reached the end of our tether so far as looking to man went, and therefore we could proceed no further along that path. The clouds hung desperately low and black with ominous threats of conflict over which we had no control. Ever since leaving Villarrica the evil one seemed to roll mountain after mountain of difficulty in our path, and now it looked to those opposed to the Gospel and the liberation of the Indian from the power of darkness as if the devil was about to conquer.

A fortnight had gone by since the telegram was sent to the Director of the Society in Rio, and still there was no reply. We were having an exceedingly anxious time as the train ran only one way each day and I required to go often to Aquidauana and remain there overnight. Thus the two new missionaries, who were unacquainted with the language, and my wife were left alone beside the railway cutting. The reason for our (perhaps unnecessary) anxiety was caused by the fact that strong, raw liquor made from distilled sugar-cane could be had in abundance at a low price. Thus the railway station became the rendezvous for outlaws and all manner of deserters from justice, and life was held in little esteem by some of these. Furthermore we were a derision to the passer-by, as well as to many who dwelt in the vicinity. Having done all that was humanly possible, we could, with full assurance of faith, cast our burden on the Lord, assured that the iron bars confronting us would, in God's own time and way, be broken and deliverance granted. For the Divine declaration had been given, "ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

We were faced with a grim, determined adversary who sought to hinder us from accomplishing the work to which we had been called; yet, notwithstanding Satan's devices, we were made conscious that in God's own time and way we would obtain the victory.

On the evening of 6th July a telegram arrived from an official

in Aquidauana giving us permission to settle on the Indian reservation in Bananal. He had received the information from Rio de Janeiro. Our joy on receiving the news, for which we had waited more than a month, was inexpressible. But our thanks to God who had led us all the way and so graciously answered prayer occupied the chief note of praise in our song of rejoicing. The Indians also received a wire to the same effect, and came the next morning to convey to us the information. Having received notice that a telegram was awaiting me in the post office, I travelled by first train to Aquidauana to receive it, and at the same time to thank the officials for all they had done. The telegram informed me that we had perfect freedom to enter Bananal and to use the books and school requisites supplied by the Government, and were now recognised by the said Government as missionaries to the Tereno Indians.

On my return from Aquidauana, the Indians brought their carts and removed us and the goods, and provided a hut in which to shelter. I was somewhat uncertain as to how much they would do in assisting with building operations, as twenty-five of the men, including the Chief, expected to leave very soon to work at road construction near the Amazon under Col. Dr. Candido Mariano Rondon. I endeavoured to have something settled before they would leave. But they were very slow and, like many others both at home and abroad, wished to receive the greatest possible amount for the least possible expenditure. They were extremely anxious to have the school opened, but I tried to impress upon them the fact that we could not open school until a building was provided. Great patience, much prayer and tact in dealing with them were required.

The hut they had given us as a place of shelter was filthy in the extreme, and full of vermin, so that little rest could be obtained the first night. Darkness was gathering in when we arrived; so we were unable to examine minutely our accommodation. The following day the hut was cleaned of all the filth, but not of the crawling insect life which delighted to sample new prey. The building, which was composed of two rooms, was in a dilapidated

condition without even a door to keep the stray dogs out. We had been in possession of the hut only a few days when, near midnight, a storm of wind and rain arose; with the violence of the storm the complete front wall of the hut was blown down. In the providence of God the wall fell outward to the street, otherwise we would doubtless have suffered damage. When the storm of wind subsided we retired with our good friend the umbrella at hand to ward off the rain which continued to fall through the many holes in the roof.

Having occupied this hut some four or five weeks, we were asked to remove as the owner required to take possession. This time we had two houses placed at our disposal. One was quite new, and Mr. Hay and I had slept there when visiting Bananal the previous year. It was then without walls, but now the construction was completed and everything looked bright and clean. Into this new abode we placed our colleagues who were fresh from home and were not yet accustomed to living on the rough.

Chapter Twenty-Three

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW WORK

THE veterans who were accustomed to rough living in the Paraguayan forest took possession of another hut which, even with the stretch of the most charitable imagination, could not truly be termed a dwelling place for human beings. But in the course of a few days we were offered another, consisting of two rooms each measuring some fourteen feet square. This house was substantially built, and indeed was one of the best in the village. The owner voluntarily vacated it to allow us entry, and this he did without any payment of rent, while he and his family went to live in an old shed fit only for goats or hens. I reasoned with him to consider well what this sacrifice would mean, not only to himself but especially to his wife and family, and suggested that he might repent and demand the return of his home. His answer, which one could never forget, was "Don Henrique, I have given you my word, and that word will never be broken by me." To his honour be it said that George Pio, although afterwards he became unfriendly to the Gospel, never broke his word. I have lived many years among Indians of different tribes, but cannot remember one of those true gentlemen of South America ever having, deliberately, broken to me his plighted word. Would that the same could be said of those of a different hue who boast of a more refined culture!

When we had entered our new abode the school was immediately opened, and was greatly appreciated by parents and pupils. New clothes were the order of the day for both boys and girls. They came with clean hands and bright, shining faces, all determined on business. This was the beginning of a permanent

work among the Tereno Indians upon which God has set His seal and which He has signally blessed to the salvation of many souls. Some of those pupils taught in our school are filling the pulpits in Brazilian churches, others are greedily sought after by different denominations for the same purpose, so that, by the grace of God, the one time ignorant, degraded and despised Indian is being used to evangelise the Brazilians by whom he was held in contempt, while at the same time many of their co-pupils are busily engaged seeking to reach their own fellow tribesmen with the Gospel. One of these, Patrico Lili, while teaching his own people in another village, has been helping the Wycliff Translators in their important mission.

Soon after the day school for children opened, a night school for adults began, with encouraging results. Ten young men attended each night. Most of these in after years became preachers of the Gospel to their own people. But the overriding purpose which brought us to Bananal was of far greater importance than merely giving to the Indians an academic training. We were sent by the impelling power of the risen Christ to make known the way of salvation, and we dared not falter or fail to carry out that purpose. The school work was but a handmaiden used by God to further His cause among people who had never listened to the proclamation of the Gospel. Soon after the school was in operation, the service on the Sabbath began. The attendance at first was somewhat discouraging, the audience being mostly composed of children; while these were gladly welcomed, we desired the attendance of their parents also. However, a few Brazilians and Paraguayans from the railway cutting began to attend and to show a real interest in the Gospel. Encouraged no doubt by the outsiders attending the service, a number of Indian men and women decided to come. From that time onward their interest in the Messages delivered increased.

While I was engaged in school work my wife was kept busy attending the sick, mostly children. In this way many doors were opened that might have remained closed. Through the medical work we got to know the people in a way that might otherwise

have been impossible. Not long after entering Bananal we were called to treat two men who had been shot at a dance the previous night. One was not seriously wounded, the bullet having passed through the fleshy part of his arm; but the other was less fortunate, having been shot in the back close to the spine. We were unable to locate the bullet, so advised his removal to Aquidauana for proper medical treatment. But our advice was not taken. Because the wound hurt when the patient moved he refused to go. Being unable to give further help, we were compelled to leave him in a critical condition.

These visits to the sick and wounded provided golden opportunities to bring before the people the story of the Great Physician. They usually listened attentively and seemed interested in the message of the Crucified but risen and exalted Saviour, but some had no desire for spiritual things.

Soon after this we were visited with a smallpox epidemic which raged round the village and continued some six months. The plague entered every house except those occupied by the missionaries. About 80 per cent of the inhabitants suffered. In one house visited there were four down with disease, two of them being pupils from the school. There were at that time eight of the scholars suffering. We were kept busy attending the sick, seeking to abate the raging fevers, and sponging the patients with olive oil to ease their suffering. While attending the sick we continued to keep the school open for those who were well. Naturally our attendance fell. Yet it may seem strange that in spite of the raging epidemic the attendance at our services was most encouraging. Notwithstanding the length of time the plague of smallpox lasted there was only one fatal case—a little child. Its life might have been spared had the parents come for us in time. They finally did come, but the child was extremely weak. My wife gave it a sponge bath and it rallied somewhat. But the parents returned again to their own native remedies. The last time we called, the little one was in convulsions. It was practically a mass of sores from head to feet. Soon it passed from its sufferings to rest.

In opening new ground on the Mission Field, the pioneer naturally expects to encounter difficulties and trials of various kinds; in this expectation he is seldom disappointed. But at times the difficulties, with their trials and troubles, come more swiftly and powerfully than anticipated, leaving him well-nigh bewildered. Were it not for the consciousness of the near presence of God, the worker in the midst of difficulties, confronted with the forces of evil, might be inclined to grow discouraged and lose heart. But "by these things men live." They know that trials bring blessings, and in overcoming difficulties there is much joy and renewed strength found. Of this we were made very conscious.

After coming to Bananal we were engaged in an incessant fight with the adversary, who sought, by every means in his power, to overthrow the work of the Lord and have us expelled from the field. When the Chief and his men returned from the Amazon, he again renewed his promise to give us ground on which to build, but this promise was never realised.

In spite of the rebuffs and disappointments we held on our way, determined to go forward, seeking to relieve the sufferings of the sick and afflicted, teach the children in school by day, the young men in the evenings, preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, and at the same time claim victory from Him who called us to this important field of service. The presence of the power of darkness was very real in those days. The very atmosphere seemed to be impregnated with the forces of evil, but withal, the light of the Saviour's presence could not be shut out. In His company we journeyed, so that, in the midst of opposition, we were enabled to sing with Madame Guyon,

O will that willest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon Thy breast.

At that period there were excellent laws in the State of Matto
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Grosso, but mostly confined to the documents on which they were written. It was a common saying that the .45 revolver was the only justice in practice. One therefore required to be ready for any emergency that might arise. Early one morning my wife and I were called to treat the wounds of the Chief, who had been shot during the night. We learned that he and three Brazilian bandits had been drinking and quarrelled over a game of cards. Three revolver shots were heard, and men and women immediately hastened to the Chief's house and discovered that he was severely wounded. One shot evidently missed its mark, but another grazed the top of his head taking with it some skin and hair, but otherwise doing little damage. The third bullet pierced his chest close to the heart, and passed through the body, making its exit between the shoulders. The Indians followed the three bandits, who made for the jungle but were soon overtaken by their pursuers. One man surrendered, but the other two refused and were instantly shot and buried where they fell. It was reported that one of the men after being shot begged for a drink of water, but the response to his request was that he was dispatched by an Indian's knife.

My wife cleansed and dressed the Chief's wounds, giving strict orders that he keep to his bed until all bleeding ceased and the wound began to show signs of healing. We were glad to see him make a rapid recovery, but sorry that he failed to profit by the lesson received. Very soon, like the dog returning to its vomit, Manuel Pedro—for such was his name—was back to the debauched and degraded manner of life he was wont to live. Strong drink was his curse, as indeed it was the curse of many Indians. Surrounded by so-called civilisation, and the white man's example, they became so degraded that no power but that of the risen Saviour could lift and transform the lives of those who wallowed in all manner of vice and sin. "I will give you," said a business man, in effect, to my colleague, "a large sum of money (mentioning the amount) if you transform the lives of those gambling, drunken, degenerate Indians." We were well aware that it was outside the missionaries' power or the power of

any mortal to change the life of even one of those degraded Indians. But we lived to see the day when many of those men and women who had sunk to the lowest depth of vice and sin were lifted and transformed by the grace of God, and were witnessing daily by lip and life to God's marvellous power not only to lift and cleanse from sin, but to keep them from falling.

Having digressed somewhat, let us return to our story. Later that morning after the two bandits had been liquidated, all was in readiness for transferring the prisoner to Aquidauana. The prisoner, a Brazilian, looking much dejected, was brought forth; his arms securely tied behind his back. Then he was lifted on to a horse, each foot was fastened to a stirrup, and these were tied together underneath the horse.

This being accomplished, the party moved off. The captive's horse was taken on a leading rein by an Indian fully armed, and another followed close behind, while two others followed to act as witnesses. One could only feel sorry for the prisoner bound in such a manner, on a hard bare saddle with five or six hours' ride before him over rough country.

Several days later a party of Indians entered Bananal, escorting an officer and two soldiers, accompanied by a scribe. They assembled at the Chief's house; full declarations were taken by the scribe, and the two missionaries were called to witness and sign the declaration. During the afternoon we were summoned to witness the exhumation of the dead bandits. At the appointed hour my colleague and I, accompanied by the officer, two soldiers, the scribe, and three Indians, made our way to the place where the dead men were buried. The Indians set to work with their hoes and soon a disgusting sight was revealed. The bodies lay just a few inches below the surface; as they had been there almost four days in a hot climate, the stench was such that one had to hasten away from the scene. I was informed by the officer that it was necessary for me to proceed to Aquidauana as a witness before the judge, I did go as requested and remained all day; then I was told that as the judge could not be found I was free to return to Bananal. The whole performance was a mere farce.

The Indians were at last persuaded to measure out a plot of ground. But when operations were in progress a dissension arose among the people. Work immediately ceased and the site was taken from us. This was an unexpected disappointment as the poles for fencing had already been cut and holes dug for the stakes. We had an earnest talk with the Indians, and after much reasoning they agreed to give us another site. But when the day appointed arrived, we discovered that they had again changed their minds and would not permit us to build; but instead they themselves would erect a schoolhouse which would serve as a dwelling and schoolroom combined. They also proposed to erect a house in which our colleague could live and do mechanical work for the community. As he was a skilled mechanic and had helped them in various ways they evidently imagined that he would be a useful person to have among them. Such proposals we refused to contemplate. When Mr. Hay and I visited them in the previous year these same Indians not only gave us a pressing invitation to begin work, but promised to assist us in every way possible, not only to erect suitable buildings but to help with planting for our sustenance. And furthermore they had the written declaration from Rio de Janeiro that the Society for the Protection of Indians had recognised us as the accredited missionaries to the Tereno Indians at Bananal.

One reason for not permitting us to build was that they imagined we might have ulterior motives, and they were afraid that when properly established we would seize their land and drive them from the reservation. This fear had been fanned to a considerable extent by certain Brazilians, whose desire was that the Indian remain in his present state of ignorance, an easy prey for exploitation. Another reason was that during the interval which elapsed between Mr. Hay's and my visit and the time we came to settle among them, the Government had sent school requisites and promised a teacher. But as no teacher had arrived they desired us to remain on their terms.

Chapter Twenty-Four

DEFEAT TURNED TO VICTORY

THE proposal made by the Indians, as stated in the previous chapter, we immediately rejected, knowing that by accepting their proposition we should place ourselves under their jurisdiction and possibly be deprived of all necessary liberty to proclaim the whole counsel of God. Such a proposition was to our minds utterly untenable.

Seeing that it was impossible to treat with the Indians, and that it would be unwise to lose more time negotiating with them, we decided to approach a neighbouring cattle-rancher who lived some twelve miles from Bananal, part of whose estate ran alongside the Indian reservation, to see if he would sell sufficient ground for building purposes. He promised to give me an answer after he had considered the matter with his family. True to his word, after a few days had expired, he arrived at our house and declared that he had decided not to sell, but to present to the Mission a sufficient piece of land on which to erect our houses. God thus answered prayer, and by so doing relieved us of a severe strain and overthrew the devices of the adversary. In due time the title deeds were legally signed and sealed. True, we would be out of the village of Bananal by more than a mile, but quite close to the village of Ipegue, another Tereno Indian village.

We immediately closed school and began operations on the buildings. Indians were engaged to cut the heavy timber, uprights and cross-beams, and drag them from the forest belonging to the cattle-rancher, who gave us permission to cut what was required. My colleague and I began to prepare the uprights and cross-beams and with the aid of a derrick and a block and

tackle to hoist them into position, which was no easy task. My wife and I removed from Bananal to a little palm-leaf shelter near to the site, but our goods were left in the village. We took with us some cooking utensils and a few other necessities. Every Saturday evening we returned to the house in Bananal for the services on Sabbath, and were greatly encouraged by the attendances week after week. The people seemed more responsive and a few were earnestly seeking the way of salvation. About this time two men made profession of faith in Christ, the first fruit of our labours, while another expressed his desire to put his trust in the Lord. Our colleague went periodically to Miranda for the mails. He was in this way able more readily to acquire the Portuguese language. On his journeys he did an excellent work both among Indians and Brazilians with whom he came into contact. He was also able to do much colportage work, especially among the latter. We were thus able to stretch out a helping hand to the needy Brazilians, while at the same time we could continue with the Indian work on the reservation, which was rapidly growing.

A number of those attending the services approached us desiring to be taught to sing. We decided to comply with their request. The first class, being partly private, had an attendance of six. On the following Sabbath an announcement was made that the singing class was open to all who wished to attend, with the result that we had in the region of a hundred present. Of course there was not accommodation for all who desired admittance; many were compelled to remain outside and listen. On the third night some fifty came. We could have made more progress with a smaller class, and doubtless have had better results. But we were glad to see them come and seem so eager to learn. As for the music—we got noise; but in a remarkably short time the improvement made was wonderful as they learned the notes and followed the pointer up and down the scale. It did one good to see those big uncouth Indians twist their faces to get the proper note; in a remarkably short time they were able to help in the praise at our services.

While the spiritual, and most important, side of our work continued to advance in an encouraging manner, the manual side was not neglected. It was impossible to rush the workmen, and unwise to attempt to have them quicken their pace. The timber for the building did not arrive at the site for some time. The cart that was being built for us was not ready; we therefore required to rely on the Indians. Hired labour in Brazil was extremely expensive—some five times higher than in Southern Paraguay. Unfortunately at that time there was a crisis in the money market and the price of goods soared some 20 to 30 per cent. Owing to the lack of funds the missionaries were compelled to do the greater part of the building operations themselves, quarrying stones for the foundations. This was one of the heaviest tasks I had ever encountered; digging the large iron-stone boulders out of the earth was such that the Indians refused to help in the work, even although they were offered high wages; I was therefore compelled to carry out the operation alone. Many cart-loads of these stones were required for the different foundations. Then the foundations required to be laid, and the walls built with sun-dried brick. While I was engaged in this part of the work my colleague was busy making doors, window frames and some furniture for the homes. When we were at work from 5 a.m. to 7.30 or 8 p.m., mostly under a burning sun, with only a little rest at midday, there was seldom an overplus of energy left when darkness fell; nevertheless the services were not permitted to suffer. They were continued with encouraging results.

There were at that time some twelve who had made confession of faith. Some were not so strong in the faith or as bright as we would have wished. But those new-born babes had a dark background of sin and superstition to reckon with. Until the missionary came they had never heard the true message of deliverance from the guilt and power of sin through faith in Christ Jesus. A weekly Bible Class was held for their instruction that they might be the better grounded in doctrinal truths and their obligation to live victorious lives as Christ would have them live. This class was held each Tuesday evening, and the singing class on the

Thursday evening. It was a wonderful soul-inspiring privilege to see those men and women who had so recently been lifted from the depth of ignorance, heathen darkness, and hear them sing "The Lord's my Shepherd I'll not want, He makes me down to lie in pastures green," or that well-known hymn,

There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

To hear those Indians, who had received the life of Christ into their souls, sing those songs which only the redeemed of the Lord can truly sing, as their faces shone with gladness, was worth spending a life-time in the darkest jungles of South America.

Matto Grosso is usually a land of sunshine; but in the life of a pioneer missionary clouds from the realm of darkness often appear on the horizon threatening destruction and defeat. At the time when the spiritual side of the work appeared so promising, our sky became black with dark portentous clouds which burst upon us with such power so that the work of the Lord among the Tereno Indians might be overthrown and completely destroyed.

The teacher, long promised by the Society for the Protection of the Indians, arrived in Bananal and naturally desired to open school at his earliest convenience. (We had closed our school in order to erect the Mission houses.) But from the day the teacher arrived, his chief concern evidently was to undo the work in which we were engaged, and to overthrow the faith of the believers. He publicly declared that none would be allowed to enter his school who attended the Protestant services. The religion we proclaimed, he declared, would not be tolerated in any of the cities or towns in Brazil. It is only to ignorant people like the Indians these people dare take their false theories which educated people reject.

The coming of the teacher gave Satan a fresh opportunity to drag his dark threatening clouds in his train, filling the hearts of

these simple, unsophisticated Indians with fear and dread. But Satan was not on the throne of the heavens, nor were the reins of government in his hands. God had not vacated His throne, but graciously revealed to us that on the other side of Satan's threatening cloud "The beam that shines from Sion hill" was ever bright, displaying the glory and power of the Sun of Righteousness. Some two weeks had elapsed since the government teacher arrived. That period was mostly occupied in his attempt not to educate the children, but to prejudice the Indians against the missionaries and the Gospel they proclaimed. It so happened, in the providence of God, that one room in our new house was finished, or rather made habitable, and that we intended removing from George Pio's which he had so kindly lent that the school might be opened. It was in this house that all the services and the weekly Bible Class were held. Such was the kindness of the owner that he and his family deprived themselves of many comforts. George Pio faithfully kept his word given when he permitted my wife and me to take possession.

On the Sabbath it was made known that we would shortly remove to our own premises, which meant that we would be deprived of a place in which to conduct the services in Bananal as the owner desired to take possession of his home. Some time after the service one of the men who, with his wife and family, had been frequent in his attendance declared, in effect, to our colleague, "My house is at your disposal, and should one room prove too small you can have both rooms. We like the Gospel and desire to hear more of it and not less. I want my boys to follow its teaching" (he had two girls and three boys who with their mother were seldom absent). "The Gospel you teach shows us how to live, and that is what we desire to know." Then he confessed, "When you came I was against your entrance. We did not want you because you were strangers. All this was done in ignorance, but now we know you and understand why you came, and we appreciate the Gospel you have brought. Our one regret is that your houses are *outside* the village."

Chapter Twenty-Five

THE PROMISE OF HARVEST

THE man who now befriended us was the most influential man in Bananal. The Chief would have allowed us into the village when we first came; this man said NO. The Chief measured us ground whereon to erect houses; this man objected and none would work for us, so the site was taken away. He was, in his ignorance, he acknowledged, fighting against God. Though he had not made any outward profession his eyes, we believe, had been opened. If it were possible for him to undo the past, he would have done so. "Here is my house," he said, "use it for your services." And instantly the sun shone through Satan's dark cloud and filled our souls with gladness, giving us the pledge of victory.

During the week we removed most of our goods from George Pio's house, but not all. At the close of our service the following Sabbath we announced that this would be the last service in the present house, as the owner was returning to his own home which he had so kindly permitted us to occupy so long. As no definite arrangements had been decided on, it was impossible to say exactly where the service would be held the following week. I was aware that another house had been offered, but no definite commitments had been reached. When the benediction had been pronounced and the service closed, the school-teacher rose and declared that so far as he was concerned the schoolhouse was at our disposal, but that he would require to consult with the head men of the village. We thanked him, but thought it better to leave the matter as it stood.

The teacher did approach some of the men, and they evidently

were agreeable. While grateful for the offer, we knew very well that until we had a church building of our own there would be no permanent security. The attendance in the schoolhouse decreased considerably, and the spiritual atmosphere changed. The teacher sat beside the table behind which the preacher stood. With an avowed enemy of the Gospel at one's elbow there was not the same liberty, and the hearers were ill at ease and seemed afraid. Nevertheless the work was progressing in a marvellous manner. Drinking and dancing, which were almost continuous, had to a great extent disappeared. Ipegue opened its doors to the Gospel. Each Sabbath afternoon a service was conducted in the Chief's house, which was usually filled to overflowing. Each Saturday afternoon a number came to our house from the same village for a service. The Ipeguites were so interested in the Gospel that they contemplated erecting a building in which to hold the services. But as yet no one had made a public confession of faith.

Through the influence and power of the Gospel a number of drink-sellers in Bananal had abandoned their business, and two of them at least were converted. One of these drink-sellers, Joaquimsinho by name, became one of God's trophies of grace. Like so many of his kindred he had cared little for the welfare of friend or neighbour so long as his own purposes were accomplished. He began to attend the services, and did so for a time, then suddenly dropped off. The Word of God apparently had little attraction for him or else the truth was too penetrating; and he did not return for a considerable period. But he did return and began to manifest a keen interest in the messages delivered, and during a time of fierce opposition he stood manfully by our side. When we were deprived of our meeting house he and Marcolino, who had been appointed Chief of the village instead of the former Chief who was deposed, offered the use of their homes for the services. After due consultation with the people, the house of Joaquimsinho was chosen as the more convenient one for the purpose; although at that time he was only groping his way to the light, and had not attained full assurance, he was well pleased with our decision. The building consisted

of two rooms, one of these was converted into a place of worship. In spite of the fierce opposition which continued to rage, the services were so well attended that not nearly all who came could find an entrance and required to remain outside. Strange things were being accomplished. Those walls which had witnessed the consumption of so much intoxicating liquor, and dark deeds of shame, now became the missionary's hall, where at least five times each week the story of redeeming grace was proclaimed. In that place where men and women were accustomed to meet with evil designs in their hearts, now many of them, with lives transformed, gathered together for hallowed communion.

The services had not been conducted many times in our new quarters when Joaquimsinho—owner of the house—entered into full assurance of salvation, and his face shone with the radiant hope that burned within his breast. In due time he was baptised and became not only a member of the first Indian Church in Brazil, but one of its esteemed office-bearers. His transformed life and sweet smile, as he extended his hand and bade the people welcome to the service, was a marvellous testimony to God's power to save from the uttermost. Right there, where in former days many were encouraged to travel the broad way, not a few entered the Way that leadeth home to the Father's house.

Not content with giving one room for the services, when that became too small to accommodate all who came, he volunteered to give the other also. That same week he, with the help of other men, pulled down the dividing wall and so provided us with a more commodious place in which to preach. But by doing this he deprived himself, his wife and family of their home and withdrew to a little shelter formerly used as a place for cooking.

By this time a goodly number were faithfully witnessing before their fellows and were not ashamed of the Gospel. We therefore decided to instruct them in the truths concerning the meaning of baptism and its implications. In due time, after an examination of the candidates had taken place, a date was appointed for the service, but before that date arrived the adversary, seeing that his plans were being defeated, sought afresh to hinder and if possible

destroy the work of the Lord through the instrumentality of the school-teacher, who, it was said, invited a Romish priest under the pretext that the agent of Rome was sent by the Government. Be that as it may. On the arrival of the priest opposition began. His favourite subject apparently was the denunciation of the Protestants and their pernicious teaching. Children were brought to be baptised, mass was conducted, and badges were freely distributed to his followers. Each time our appointed service was held, the priest conducted one in the school house, which was quite close to our place of worship. The result was that many who were accustomed to attend the services ceased to come. The village was divided; the drinkers and gamblers, for the most part, were on the side of the priest. One young man who was wont to attend our services was publicly horsewhipped, though still an unbeliever. The believers took a decided stand for truth and righteousness. They were not ashamed of the Gospel, having proved it to be the power of God unto salvation to all them that believe.

Chapter Twenty-Six

THE FIRST INDIAN CHURCH IN BRAZIL CÒNSTITUTED

THE first Indian Church in all Brazil was born and founded in the midst of a fierce storm of opposition. The sacrament of baptism, which was already arranged to take place on 31st December, 1915, was publicly announced and all were invited to the service. We had examined a goodly number of converts and, desiring to have them well grounded in the faith, we chose but five, one of them being at one time our greatest opponent who sought to prohibit our entrance into Bananal, but was now a bright and steadfast follower of the Lord. Of the five appointed for baptism one, in the face of fierce opposition, withdrew. Before being baptised each gave a clear ringing testimony as to the saving grace of Christ experienced through faith in Him. On the following Sabbath *the first Indian Church in Brazil was constituted*, and we were privileged to sit together with the first-fruits from among the Tereno Indians to celebrate the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On that memorable and historic occasion a light was lit among the Indians of Brazil that will never be extinguished. To the Lord belongeth all honour, praise and glory.

Enraged by the success attending the preaching of God's Word, the adversary spared no effort to create a spirit of hatred and persecution in order to hinder the good work accomplished by the proclamation of the Gospel. Through his efforts the door into Ipegue was closed. Week after week the Chief's house had been filled to overflowing with men and women eager to hear the story of the Man of Calvary. The priest seemed to have more influence over the people of Ipegue than over the inhabitants of

Bananal. After remaining several days in the vicinity he made his last public tirade in Ipegue against the heretics. At that final meeting he solemnly warned his audience to shun those accursed Protestants whose heretical teaching would bring death and damnation to all who believed their seductive doctrines. Then he added, in effect, "Mark well what I am about to tell you. In a short time" (he did not say when or how) "God will punish them in order to show you that I am His true servant, and that they are the servants of Satan whose lying heresies they would have you believe." With that warning note ringing in their ears the priest left them. On the following Sabbath afternoon we went to Ipegue to conduct the service as usual, but found the Chief's house (where the services were held) empty. On the next Sabbath we went with the same purpose in view, with no better results. The door in that village appeared, at least for a season, closed against the message of redeeming grace. The inhabitants had evidently rejected the Word of the Lord. "Ephraim had turned to his idols." But we were persuaded that in God's good time the door would again be opened, and by His sovereign grace jewels would be won from the inhabitants of Ipegue for the Saviour's Crown.

Some twelve or fourteen days after the priest had made his prophetic announcement my wife and I were struck by lightning. It happened in the morning about 8.30. Mrs. Whittington was busy bathing the children. The baby had already received his bath and was lying in his cot covered with a mosquito net; Inés was taken out of the bath, and having been dried she was given to me wrapped in a towel while my wife went out of the room to procure some warmer garments for the children, as the rain began to fall and the weather became somewhat colder. The clothes were stored in boxes outside the only room we had. The boxes were standing against the wall sheltered under the long roof prepared for other rooms. My wife had not been more than, I should say, two minutes out of the room when I was struck to the floor with Inés in my arms. The lightning hit me on the back of the head and I went down. On opening my eyes I saw that a

number of things, some of the bedclothes, and the mosquito net over the baby were in flames. I put Inés on the floor and jumped to extinguish the burning mosquito net and the clothes that were on fire. I called to my wife for assistance, but there was no response to my cry. On going out of the room I found Mrs. Whittington lying helpless with her two legs completely paralysed from the hips downward. She had been struck on the two thighs and lay unconscious. I called to our Indian boy, who was with us receiving treatment, to run for Mr. and Mrs. Howard who were living in the same compound. When they arrived we carried the patient into the room and laid her on the bed, and began treatment. How glad we were to see her regain consciousness, and after a time able to stand, supported by one on either side; gradually she was able to walk a little though still suffering acute pain. Then the sole of each heel burst into suppurating sores which did not heal for weeks. Yet notwithstanding all the suffering she did her utmost to help in the work. I am glad to say that the children escaped with very slight burnings.

The reader may wonder what effect the seeming fulfilment of the priest's prophesy had on the Indians, as all the world within miles of Bananal knew what had taken place. Well, the believers came to me seeking an explanation. They were greatly perturbed by what had happened. They found it hard to believe they had been deluded by our teaching, for they had experienced the saving and transforming power in their own lives, but they were perplexed and eager for an explanation. Why had this happened after the declaration made by the priest? Well, what could one say under such trying circumstances? We knew that God who had guided us in the past and who had called us to this field of service would not forsake us in this perplexing hour when so much depended on the explanation this deputation of believers were waiting to receive. Relying on the Lord for wisdom we led them to the Word of God, and read part of the Book of Job. We showed them what God's faithful servant suffered at the instigation of the father of lies. Satan did not reveal himself to

Job, arrayed with horns and hoofs; he kept himself in the background exercising the power which God permitted him to use. Job lost his possessions, and all his children were killed. His only response in the midst of his loss was "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of God." When Satan saw that the calamity which had befallen Job, that the loss of his children and all his possessions did not alter Job's faith in God, he was unsatisfied. So the Lord, in order that His name might be the more honoured and glorified, permitted the adversary to do his worst on Job, but He restrained Satan's power; he was allowed to bring pain and much suffering on God's faithful servant but was prevented from taking Job's life. Like the raging sea, hitherto was Satan permitted to go but no further.

In a similar manner, Satan sought to take away our lives. God permitted the Prince of the power of the air to demonstrate his satanic power in the lightning, which came to us in a most unusual and extraordinary manner. Then the Lord intervened. He saved our lives, and Satan suffered an ignominious defeat. The Indian Christians were fully satisfied. They believed God's Word, and went away rejoicing in Satan's defeat, eager to tell their brethren that God had demonstrated His power and signally saved us from the devices of the evil one.

Instead of hindering the work or discouraging the believers, that which happened to us was used by God to consolidate the work more firmly and bring the believers to realise their responsibility to the Lord and their obligation toward those who were without the Gospel. Their growth in grace and sanctified zeal for the extension of God's kingdom became more marked. One of the members, who in former years was a confirmed drunkard and whose hands had been stained with human blood, began Gospel services in his own house which he conducted weekly, preaching to the people in their own language, and many were added to the Lord.

But the enemy of truth and righteousness is not easily turned

aside from his evil design to hinder the work of the Lord, nor is he confined to any one mode of attack, or to one agent alone. Having failed in his attacks, first through hostile Indians, then through the priest of Rome and the school-teacher, he now sought to obtain his object by other means. Knowing that the witch-doctors exercise great power over the superstitious Indian, and do much harm even to the destruction of life, not by drug or the knife but wholly through contact with the unseen spirit, Satan induced one of these witch-doctors to become his willing ally. Let me assure the reader from ample proof and personal experience that, while in contact with the unseen world, the Indian witch-doctor makes no claim to be in touch with the spirits of the departed dead, as do so many of the duped spiritualists in this and in other lands. He is not deceived regarding the spirits with which he is in contact; his power is exercised over the evil spirits or demons which he is able to call into his presence at will. Though he or she may call many spirits into his or her presence (for there are both male and female witch-doctors among the Indians), each has a special spirit that seeks to carry out the wishes of the one by whom it is sent.

Quite a number of years after the Church in Bananal had been firmly established, with its ordained office-bearers and a thriving Sabbath school in operation, one of the office-bearers, who was also Superintendent of the Sabbath school and the converted son of a witch-doctor, revealed to us that when a number of men and women were turning from their heathen customs to the Lord, his witch-doctor father declared, in effect, that he would bring this work to an end and cause the preaching of the Gospel to cease for ever by taking away the preachers' lives. He thereupon called up one of the spirits from the realm of darkness and commissioned it to enter into the Mission House and slay its inhabitants. The spirit, in obedience to its master's command, proceeded on its errand of death until it came near the house, then it was brought to a sudden stop and was unable to go further. Some unseen barrier was placed in its path and compelled it to return to him who had commissioned it. Not wishing to be defeated, he sent

the spirit, we were led to understand, several times on the same errand of death, but it was powerless to pass the line of demarcation drawn by God. And the old witch-doctor confessed to his own people that he had no power to destroy the missionary or the work in which he was engaged. The shield of the Almighty proved too strong for the demon to penetrate. Thus was fulfilled God's unchangeable decree, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

Chapter Twenty-Seven

GATHERING JEWELS FOR THE KING'S CROWN

THE story of bringing the Gospel to the Tereno Indians is one of constant struggle, often against difficulties which seemed insurmountable, and of constant satanic attacks which could only be overcome by the grace of God. After the boomerang issued by the priest, which caused more damage to his own prestige and the teaching of Rome than to the missionaries and the Evangelical cause, the tables were reversed. The school-teacher who did his utmost to hinder the spread of the Gospel was dismissed from his post. Every effort was made by the Church of Rome to prevent his dismissal. Bishops and priests co-operated for his defence, but the very people to whom he had misrepresented us were the instruments used by God for his overthrow.

We now began to experience development in all branches of the work. Doors that had been closed were opened by the hand of the Lord; drunken and debased men and women, under the operation of the Holy Spirit through the preaching of the Gospel, were lifted from the lowest depth of vice and sin. Truly the arm of the Lord was made bare, and strange things were accomplished in our midst. Week after week large numbers listened attentively to the sweet story of the Man of Galilee, and some responded to the wooing notes of His love.

It seemed but yesterday that we arrived at Bananal railway station and were refused an entrance among the Tereno Indians, and were compelled to find shelter for several weeks in tents improvised from blankets and bed sheets at the side of the railway cutting from the hot rays of a tropical sun, while negotiations were being conducted with the Brazilian Government officials,

until through importunate prayer the door was opened and we were given permission to begin work among these so long neglected Indians. Since that day many battles have been fought; although at times the tide flowed strongly against us, and threatening clouds hung dark and low affording little visible sign of encouragement, yet we were never forsaken. When the night seemed darkest, and the powers of evil strongest, light began to dawn and we obtained, through the grace of God, a glorious victory. The priest's prophecy issued in a signal defeat for himself and his cause. The witch-doctor and the evil spirit which he employed to slay us were confounded. But the Lord who is slow to anger and hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, in spite of the devices of men and demons, never failed to carry out his purposes for His own glory and the salvation of those who sought His mercy and pardoning grace. Instead of showing His displeasure toward the witch-doctor who sought to take away our lives and bring an end to the preaching of the Gospel, the Lord restrained His wrath and visited the would-be-slayer and his family in mercy. Antonio, one of his two sons, took his stand for Christ and became an office-bearer in the Church and Superintendent of the Sabbath School and local preacher. The first woman to be baptised and to be received into the Church was the only daughter of the same witch-doctor. Virissimo, his eldest son, was a gambler and hopeless drunkard; to these vices he was a slave, otherwise he was an amiable fellow and most approachable, and keen on business. Our first encounter with this man was on the evening when we with our baggage were taken to Bananal from the railway cutting. Virissimo sat at the back of the cart helplessly drunk, endeavouring to tell us in his inebriate condition how the Brazilians treated the Indians and looked upon them with contempt. "Somos Bogries," he reiterated time and again, meaning that in the eyes of civilised people around, the Indians were mere vermin.

Yet, drunk and incapable though he was that evening, the next morning at an early hour he was at our door to see if we would purchase from him any milk we required.

When the school was opened, he sent his children to be taught, and they were diligent in their studies. After the Gospel services were in operation Virissimo with his wife and mother were invited. The invitation was accepted and he came time after time. Soon the Spirit began to work in his heart, and realising that he was a slave to drink he endeavoured to break the shackles by which he was bound. But all his resolutions were made only to be broken. At last the eyes of his understanding were opened, and he saw himself not only a hopeless drunkard, but a lost sinner needing salvation, a complete deliverance not only from drink but from sin and its power to enslave. He accepted the invitation given by the preacher; kneeling at the Saviour's feet, he made confession of sin, cried for mercy and cleansing, and instantly received the pardoning grace of God. The life of the crucified, but risen and exalted, Son of God was imparted, and he went out from that service a new man in Christ Jesus. From that day onward he became a changed man. He received victory over the besetting vices which had for so long kept him in bondage. "Why is it," he asked on one occasion, "why is it that before I knew the Lord, when I was a slave to drink, men never offered me a glass to drink with them, but now I am constantly being offered drinks?" Those drinks which were so often set before him he steadfastly refused to touch. "Now," said he, "since Christ came into my life, He has taken away all desire for drink."

Some time after this undeniable miracle performed by Divine Grace in the life of Virissimo, our colleague Mr. Halverson was on a long colportage trip accompanied by a native Brazilian worker when he entered a Brazilian village more than a hundred miles from Bananal. An Indian who was a fugitive from justice approached Mr. Halverson and told him that in former days he and Virissimo were companions and spent much of their time drinking together. "I have not seen my old companion for a considerable time, but have heard that his life is completely changed; he drinks no more, nor does he gamble. I understand that this change in the life of Virissimo was wrought by the power of this Gospel you preach. Since hearing of my old companion's

conversion I too would like to hear more about the Saviour who can save and transform a degraded drunkard like Virissimo, that I also may believe in Him and experience His power to save." The Word of the Lord is as true today as in the days of old. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Through the influence of a soundly converted man, who was not ashamed of the Gospel, the Spirit of God could carry the Good Seed of the Kingdom and implant it in the heart of a seeking soul more than a hundred miles away. Well might we exclaim with Micah: "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy."

The truth contained in the amazing statement of the Prophet was clearly displayed in the family of the witch-doctor who sought to slay us and by so doing destroy the work of the Lord. For not only were the three members of his family, his only daughter and his two sons, brought into the light of salvation, but his own wife, who had been a witch-doctor like himself, turned from her witchcraft and surrendered to Christ who redeemed her life from guilt and sin. Mêmé (for such was her name) became a living example to the whole community of Christ's power to save. There was none in the village or surrounding district but knew that her life was completely transformed. She could understand some Portuguese though she did not speak it, but in her own language she was ever eager to testify for her Lord and Master both to men and women. Her very life was a living translation of the Word of God, revealing to all around that "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Not only were all the members of the witch-doctor's family brought to the Saviour, and engaged in active service for their Lord, but many of his grandchildren also took their stand for Him. In after years a great-grandson of this same witch-doctor was the first native Pastor to be ordained and inducted into the

Congregation in Bananal. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," making the wrath of men to praise Him, and through their evil intentions to add glory and honour to His Name. We had fresh evidence of this truth by brands being plucked from the burning; one of these was a man—by no means the mildest character in the village—who after attending the services surrendered to the claims of the Gospel and received the assurance of salvation through simple faith in Christ. After experiencing the saving power of the risen Redeemer, he desired to make a journey of a hundred and fifty miles on horseback that he might bring his brother to hear the message of the Saviour's love for sinful men. This was Christianity in action as seen in the lives of those Tereno Indians in Bananal.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

A FIGHT FOR THE RELIGIOUS LIBERTY OF THE INDIANS

AFTER an unexpectedly prolonged furlough forced upon us by the stringent measures imposed by the Government prohibiting women and children travelling overseas, we were not able to return to South America until 1919, when the First World War had finished. During our absence from Bananal the work had been faithfully carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Mr. A. R. Hay, who were greatly blessed and owned by God. The year entered with the country in the grip of the Spanish influenza. Bananal, like most places, did not escape; but thanks to the prompt measures taken by the missionaries, under the providence of God, the epidemic to a great extent was robbed of its terror. Two temporary hospitals were opened, one for women and children and the other for men. For a considerable time the workers devoted their efforts to the alleviation of those stricken with the disease. In this way the inhabitants on the Indian reservation were in a great measure saved from the horrors experienced by those of other cities and towns, where thousands died.

After the epidemic had subsided, the day school was reopened and the services resumed their usual course. Toward the latter part of April my wife and I with our three children returned from furlough. Mr. Howard and Mr. A. R. Hay continued to devote their energy to the spiritual side of the work, while I commenced building operations; in fact one of the houses had only one room walled in, while the other in which the Howards lived required another room to complete it.

Toward the end of May the Rev. John Hay, Director of the Mission, arrived with two new workers from Canada—Miss Cameron and Miss Mason, both nurses. After a short stay with us Mr. Hay and his son, Mr. A. R. Hay, started out on a trip to visit the Bororo Indians on the Sao Lorenzo river. Soon after their departure, Mr. and Mrs. Howard with their little boy left for home on furlough.

When our ranks were depleted, the two new lady missionaries having no grasp of the language, the adversary evidently imagined the present hour an excellent opportunity to attack both work and workers. The Inspector of the Society for the Protection of the Indians in Matto Grosso, who had been friendly disposed toward us and the work accomplished, retired from the S.P.I. and another Inspector was appointed to succeed him. The new Inspector let us know that he was strongly opposed to all missionary effort among the Indians, medical or otherwise. We were commanded to remove our effects from the Indian reservation. Threatening clouds overshadowed us and darkness covered our path, so that we were somewhat perplexed at the sudden turn of events. Our enemies were using all the ingenious devices they could direct against us. Although the outlook was far from bright, we continued, within our restricted bounds, to carry on the work in which we were engaged. A Sabbath School had been opened which proved a blessing to old and young. At the beginning the missionary acted as superintendent, while the classes were taught by the native believers, all of them being local preachers save one. The teachers were instructed in the teachers' training class during the previous week, the subject being the "Life of Christ," which was taught to the pupils in their own language. Henrique Pereira taught the class for women, some grandmothers included. Honorio Massi had the class for men, the members of both these classes ranging in numbers from eighteen to twenty-two. These two were office-bearers; the other six teachers taught the younger pupils.

In spite of the continued threats of the adversary, the work continued to expand. Two services were held each Sabbath; the

teachers' training class and Bible School on Tuesday; the women's meeting on Wednesday; and the meeting for children on Friday; the latter two were conducted by Mrs. Whittington. The Thursday evening Gospel service was conducted entirely by the native preachers. The Prayer meeting was held on the Saturday afternoon, which perhaps was the best meeting of the week. Apart from these stated meetings, the native preachers held services in different parts of the village or in the outlying districts.

Our two Canadian nurses, although new to the field, were kept busy attending the sick and wounded. All classes of diseases were treated—accidents, snake bites, and wounds of various descriptions, the latter usually received at dances where drunken brawls frequently occurred. They were always ready to attend maternity cases at any hour of the day or night. Yet, notwithstanding the excellent work being carried on without any charge to the patient, the enemy of souls seemed more determined than ever to bring the good work to an end and prohibit the Word of God reaching the Indians. Not only did the local representative of the S.P.I. oppose the work, but others had been brought in to strengthen the forces already in existence. On 3rd January, 1920, we were ordered to close down every branch of the work, as the Government had prohibited all Gospel or medical work among the Tereno Indians on the reservation at Bananal. To add force to the orders given by the local officials, a telegram was sent from the Inspector of the Society in Matto Grosso giving a time limit of four days to have everything removed. From henceforth we were prohibited from entering the reservation.

We were deeply conscious that this was a blow aimed not only at the work in Bananal, but at all other attempts to evangelise the many Indian tribes in Brazil. Therefore, although the lion roared loud and long, we were determined by the grace of God, to take a firm stand for Truth and liberty. We were opposed by a ruthless, deceitful, and relentless foe, who sought by all manner of subtle devices to have our testimony destroyed and the preaching of the Gospel prohibited for all time. The streets of

Bananal were placarded with edicts from the Inspector forbidding the missionaries an entrance to the reservation and threatening believers with expulsion should they or any other Indian have anything to do with those who sought relief from them in their sickness. The year 1920 having an unusual high rate of sickness and epidemic, the natural consequence was that those who were afraid of the supposed government threat did not seek our aid, with the result that there was a heavy death roll. Little did those callous officials care whether the Indian suffered, died, or lived, so long as the missionary and his message were kept out.

Notwithstanding the raging of the enemy and the hate displayed, perhaps more intensively because there was only one male missionary on the compound, we were not awed into silence by the fierce threats of the adversary, knowing that the work was not ours but God's. The male missionary was faithfully aided by his wife, and by the two new lady missionaries from Canada, even though they had not at that time a grasp of the language. Nevertheless one would have liked, had there been another male missionary, to corroborate one's statement when confronting public officials. But we were conscious that, though unseen by men, the Lord was there fighting the battle in which we were engaged. The school work had already been stopped and our freedom was to a great extent curtailed. Seeing the edicts did not frighten the missionaries into submission or hinder the work of the Lord to any great extent, the Inspector of the S.P.I. for Matto Grosso came to impose his authority on the inhabitants of Bananal. He remained two days, but not wishing to have an interview with the missionary he refrained from paying the Mission House a visit, nor did he even make contact with the Chief of the village, though residing but a few hundred yards from his house. But instead, he invited the people of Ipegue to visit him in Bananal.

The outcome of the Inspector's visit was that he placed the whole community under the authority of the local representative and gave him complete control of the reservation. Furthermore he commanded that Captain Marcolino Lili be no longer recog-

nised as Chief. That was an order no outside authority had any right to make, nor had he any power to execute that command. From time immemorial the Indians alone had the prerogative to elect their own Chief.

While the Inspector was in Bananal the local representative of the S.P.I. sent three men to wire up our gates so that we might be unable to find exit from the Mission compound. Their instructions were not to speak to us but simply to do as commanded. The men were somewhat embarrassed, not wishing to disobey orders, yet unwilling to put their orders into execution without letting us know the reason for carrying out a work which was so distasteful to them. They explained that their orders were to wire the gates, and should I interfere to tell me to see the Inspector in Bananal. We simply told them they were free men and not slaves; so far as we were concerned we would neither impede nor help them; neither would we proceed to Bananal to interview the one that sent them, but we would treat with the authorities in Rio de Janeiro. Needless to say the men carried out their instructions and shut us in as prisoners. Herod had shut Peter in, and employed sixteen soldiers to guard him, but it required a greater power than Herod and his soldiers to keep Peter in prison against the will of God. And it required more than a coil of galvanised wire to detain in prison missionaries to whom the Lord had entrusted an urgent message for a needy people. On the Sabbath morning we were in Bananal conducting our service as usual. God sent His angel to liberate His servant Peter from Herod's dungeon, but the angel He sent to deliver us from our house arrest came in the form of a number of believers, with horses already saddled, to take us back to the citadel from which we had been banished. The believers cut or undid the wires with which the gates had been bound. By so doing, they were merely acting according to the Constitution of Brazil, which gives religious freedom to all.

The following day saw me in Aquidauana interviewing some of the officials. The Political Chief had already written to the Minister of Agriculture, but had not then received a reply. The

President of the Camara (the gentleman who gave us the ground on which the Mission houses were built) sent a telegram to the Director of the S.P.I. in Rio de Janeiro demanding him to take measures to bring to an end the persecution carried on against the missionaries in Bananal. I was later informed that a reply came asking the President of the Camara for further information. In spite of all my interviews the contest continued thick and grim. More edicts signed by the Inspector of the Indians in Matto Grosso were placarded along the streets of the village. One statement in the edict declared that Marcolino Lili (who was the Indian Chief) and Jose Francisco had disobeyed the previous edict; on further disobedience, they and all others who disobeyed would be expelled from the reservation. The disobedience of which they were guilty consisted in their having brought the prohibited missionaries into Bananal after he had imprisoned them in their own homes. The reason why the enemies of the Gospel did not prevail against us was that we, with the members of the Church, were fighting these battles on our knees.

Seeing that the Indians refused to obey the local official's orders, he sent one of his assistants to say that he wished to see me. I went as requested and heard the same old warning accompanied by his threats. He was most emphatic that we must obey the Inspector's command and remain outside the reservation. I refused as heretofore to obey any edict that was contrary to the Constitution of Brazil. He thereupon threatened to stop me by force should I continue to enter. A few days later he went to Aquidauana to procure soldiers to have me detained for disobeying orders, but was unable to persuade the Chief of Police to comply with his wishes. He then proceeded to Corumba, his object being, I was told, to arrange with the Inspector of the S.P.I. to have Federal troops sent to arrest me, the State Authorities having refused his request. In this move he was also unsuccessful. He then sought to have us pay indemnity for opening the gates which he had wired to keep us prisoners. These last two items of information I received from one of his own assistants. It was the Indians and not the missionary that God used to open

the gates; we had no part nor lot in the transaction except by prayer. Were we fighting merely against flesh and blood the devices of the enemy might have been less intense. But notwithstanding the subtle scheming of the powers of evil, we were persuaded that the Gospel would yet triumph, and a greater and more abundant harvest be reaped among the Indians of Brazil. Already above the din of battle we could hear by faith the sound of the reapers' song and the harvest home.

After he had suffered a temporary defeat the adversary took time to lick his sores before he again returned to the conflict with renewed vigour. Our position was confronted with fresh difficulties. The enemy as on previous occasions fought with a bold determined front, showing no signs of weakness. We received an official document from the Inspector of the S.P.I. located in Matto Grosso again ordering us to leave the reservation. On receiving this ultimatum we told the local representative that we would continue the work as heretofore as we were carrying on the work at the request of the Indians to whom the reservation belonged as a gift from the Federal Government.

But after the Indians considered the Inspector's ultimatum more fully, Marcolino Lili, the Chief, who had been unconstitutionally deposed, thought it desirable that we remain outside the reservation for at least two weeks. This unexpected attitude taken by the Chief removed to an extent the ground on which we stood. Under the circumstances we could not go against the wishes of the Chief. To do otherwise would have given the adversary an advantage which he eagerly sought, though we were under the impression that the majority of the Indians would have preferred us to carry on. Doubtless the Chief's desire was that we should wait until he had received direct information from the Director of the S.P.I. in Rio de Janeiro, but the information never came. It was therefore most disappointing to be compelled to close down, knowing that it would give the enemy a certain advantage, enabling him to continue with greater determination to hinder the Lord's work in Bananal.

Some of the believers were inclined to become somewhat faint-

hearted when they heard the Chief's decision, for they were confronted with an arrogant and relentless foe who compelled them to accept an unauthorised and unlawful position. However, we were thankful for the fearless stand so many had taken heretofore. Although experiencing an unexpected setback, we were assured that victory would yet be achieved, not by the wisdom of man but by the Spirit of the living God. We were extremely thankful that the native preachers refused to be intimidated by the threats of the enemy, but continued to conduct their services as usual.

We remained outside Bananal for three weeks. That period gave us an opportunity to visit other groups of Indians who lived outside the reservation and who therefore did not come under the jurisdiction of the S.P.I. officials. Strange though it may seem, during the period when we were debarred from entering the reservation, the people of Ipegue, who hitherto had opposed us, came in large numbers seeking medicine. For the treatment received, and the great kindness shown by the two nurses, the inhabitants of Ipegue were most grateful. But the village, as a whole, still remained closed against the Gospel.

Having been absent from Bananal for three Sabbaths, we returned on the fourth and were warmly received by the believers and all who came to the service. Some familiar faces were missed, but we were thankful for those who remained faithful during the period of severe testing through which they had passed. The Chief saw that his proposition for us to remain outside the reservation had completely failed to appease the wrath of the adversary, but had rather encouraged him with his threats to banish not only the missionary with his Gospel message, but the Indian Chief and several of the leading men who followed this foreign religion. At last I decided to act, and proposed that as no official information had come from Rio de Janeiro a deputation of Indians should go there and have a personal interview with the Director of the Society. As none of the Indians had ever wandered far from their home surroundings and knew absolutely nothing about what visiting the capital of Brazil would entail, they could not go alone. When the proposal was placed before

them it was my intention to go with them should they be willing. But if they were not willing I would go alone and meet the Director face to face. I was convinced nevertheless that a deputation of Indians making their own plea would add more than double weight to my approach.

The Indians immediately fell in with the proposal and three of the believers were chosen; Marcolino Lili, the Chief, and two others. Not wishing to let the local officials know our intention, we quietly left Bananal and boarded the train for Rio, which would mean, more or less, a week's travelling to reach our destination. The train for the most part of the journey ran only by day. Each night we put up in an hotel or in any place where we could pass the night under a roof. We had the privilege in one place of spending the night in the Presbyterian College and being hospitably entertained by the Rev. Erasma Braga, a man highly esteemed both in Christian and political circles. From him I received a personal letter of introduction to the President of Brazil which I was urged to use if necessary.

In due time we reached the capital, Rio de Janeiro, clothed in all the natural beauty of her world-renowned setting, nestling in the grandeur of her magnificent heights, and the splendour of that wide-spreading bay with its water rippling at her feet. The Indians were lost in wonder at the sights they beheld and the busy streets filled with thronging multitudes. They were accustomed to the slow-moving bullock cart, but in Rio automobiles seemed to fly through the crowded streets at a speed which to those men from the jungle appeared incredible. We marched through the busy thoroughfares in single file, the missionary leading, then came Marcolino Lili, the Chief, next came Antonio Aurello, the converted son of a witch-doctor, followed by Francisco. In my haste to reach the object of our desire—the Director's office of the S.P.I.—I forgot at one point all about my companions who were following in their usual Indian manner. I had crossed a busy street and had gone some distance when I remembered the Indians; on looking round, none could I see. Retracing my footsteps as quickly as possible, I

found the three standing on the pavement completely lost in the jostling throng.

One felt that our visit to Rio de Janeiro was of vital importance, not only to the evangelisation of the Tereno Indians but to the hundreds of tribes scattered throughout Brazil. We realised that should the officials of the S.P.I. exercise their illegal power to order us out of the Indian reservation at Bananal, when invited by the Indians, then they doubtless would attempt to exercise that same power to prohibit another missionary from accepting an invitation given by any other tribe. We therefore set our faces toward the office of the Society determined to have the business settled as quickly as possible. In due course we arrived and presented to the Director our request. Although we left Bananal quietly the Director had received a telegram from the local representative letting him know that we were on our way, and he was ready to receive us. A wonderful welcome was given to each of the Indians, with the usual demonstration of embracing every one, beginning with the Chief; but the welcome I received was frigid in the extreme. On presenting our request a bluff denial was given that we had any right to enter the government reservation which was placed at the disposal of the Indians. This denial was countered with the declaration that our presence in Bananal and the work in which we were engaged could be attributed to the invitation extended to us by the Indians. Even though the different members of the Indian deputation testified before him that my statement was correct, he waved aside their testimony and made the illogical denial that we had any right whatsoever to be there. The Government did not need our help, they were able to do for the Indians all that was necessary. Their purpose was, as one declared, that the Indian should not attain civilisation, but be protected and kept in his primitive state. In reply I quietly told the Director that if he refused to extend to the Indians their rights according to the Constitution of Brazil and grant their request, I would take the matter to the President of the Republic. "But," he puffed, "you could not get to see the President, you would not be allowed into his presence." Then

I made known to him that I carried a letter of introduction from one who was highly esteemed not only in religious but also in political circles, and this gentleman's personal introduction would take me into the presence of the President to lay before His Excellency our request. Immediately his manner changed, his dictatorial balloon became deflated, and he at once had all that we requested placed in writing, which he signed as Director of the S.P.I. and which he handed to me. We graciously thanked him and retired with gladness in our hearts, giving thanks to God for answered prayer.

Not being able to leave the city until after the Sabbath, I had the privilege of addressing the congregation of the largest Presbyterian Church in Brazil, and presenting to the people my Indian friends who, by the grace of God, had been delivered from the lowest depths of heathenism and had become new creatures in Christ Jesus. In the evening of the same day we were presented to the congregation of the Fluminense Church founded by the late Dr. Kalley. The sight of these large congregations made a deep impression on the minds of the Indians, who had been told by the local representative of the S.P.I. that the Gospel the missionary preached would not be tolerated among civilised people, but only among ignorant people like the Indians. But here in the capital of Brazil they heard the same Gospel proclaimed, and saw large congregations of the finest people of the land rejoicing in Christ's power to save. These were sights never to be forgotten by the members of the deputation that followed me in single Indian file through the busy streets of that modern city. On returning to their own people they could refute as untrue all statements made by the enemy of the Word of God, and furthermore could state that what the Lord had done for them He was doing for others in the capital of their country.

After another week, mostly spent on the train, we arrived in Bananal and received a royal welcome from the members of the Church and all true lovers of freedom. Regarding the local representative of the S.P.I. and the Inspector for Matto Grosso of the same Society, seeing that they had suffered a crushing

defeat in their attempt to debar the missionaries an entrance into the reservation, and thus prohibit them continuing with the work in which they were engaged at the Indians' invitation, they altered their tactics completely. Instead of directing their assault against the spiritual, medical, and educational side of the work, they turned to the material. Although at that time we were enjoying a time of peace and tranquillity, the powers of evil were not asleep. News brought to us that the S.P.I.'s representative in Bananal and the Inspector for Matto Grosso had employed a lawyer to write the Minister of Agriculture (under whose Ministry the S.P.I. operated) stating that the Protestants and (Roman) Catholics were fighting in Bananal, and as the missionaries were the cause of all the disturbance he had better have them removed as the Inspector feared that the fighting might result in bloodshed. Well, the missionary that lacks the sense of humour and cannot laugh at frustrations, difficulties and disappointments had better pack up and go home; such a person could never become a true pioneer in the Mission Field. Never perhaps had the inhabitants on the Bananal reservation enjoyed greater peace than at the time to which the Representative and Inspector of the S.P.I. referred. Were all places in Brazil as peaceable as Bananal at that time the authorities would have had little cause for anxiety, and no need to enlarge their prisons.

Nevertheless this new attitude taken up by the local agents of the S.P.I. and the fabrications transmitted to headquarters necessitated a considerable amount of correspondence with the Director in Rio de Janeiro, as well as numerous interviews with the military and civil officials in Aquidauana under whose jurisdiction Bananal lay. These gentlemen, knowing that the statements sent to the capital were completely without foundation, immediately went into action. The result was that I received a letter from the Director of the Society stating that the Government had appointed another Inspector for Matto Grosso. The local representative had already been removed and another was to be appointed to take his place.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

A REAWAKENING

WHILE the fight for freedom in which we were engaged against a determined and ruthless foe continued, we had witnessed a marked dearth in the number of conversions; of course our labours had been greatly restricted. But having obtained the victory God graciously set His seal to the work by drawing to Himself a number who sought salvation. For those brands plucked from the burning we had much cause to give thanks to the Lord who wrought on their and our behalf. We were now looking forward to the reopening of the school which we were compelled to close. But the Indians had not agreed to set at our disposal a house for that purpose. While the fight for freedom was raging we allowed all secondary things such as the erection of a school house and church to lie in abeyance, but now that quietness prevailed we would have liked to see the believers more anxious to erect new buildings for the work. Many were willing to help in the work of erection, but Marcolino, the Captain, did not think it an opportune time. One was inclined to imagine that he would like to be Captain in Church affairs as well as in secular things, but he was a good man and most just in his dealing with matters concerning the reservation and its inhabitants. After some waiting and much prayer, he voluntarily gave us part of his own house in which to reopen the school.

We had an excellent attendance of keen, appreciative pupils whom the two nurses and myself taught daily from Monday to Friday inclusive. The Scriptures taught daily in the school were the means of bringing not a few to Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Some of those boys later

became native pastors in different parts of Brazil teaching the eternal Truths learned at Bananal. Thus our labour has not been in vain in the Lord. Instead of the Brazilians taking the Gospel to the neglected Indians, those Indians, once despised and neglected, are taking the message of salvation to those who counted themselves superior in the sight of God, and more enlightened than any Redskin.

Our field of operation was not confined to Bananal and its environment, but stretched into the far horizons. In fact, we were days removed from any missionary labouring among the Brazilians; none were attempting to reach the Indians with the Gospel message. It was necessary therefore to train native preachers in order to cover this extensive field and reach the hitherto unreached. The time at our disposal being already fully occupied, we turned the Sabbath School teachers' training class into a Bible School, and thus gave the native preachers more instruction for this very important work in which some were already engaged. We were convinced that through the instrumentality of the trained native preacher, God could make the evangelisation not only of the Indian but also of the Brazilian much more effective. He knew their language and mode of thought better than any missionary.

Our Bible School could only be held in the evenings, as the young men were busy with their manual labour by day, and in a similar manner the missionary was engaged teaching children in the day school. Our students were not only keen on their studies, but eager to carry the Gospel further afield. We sent them forth on their evangelistic journeys two by two. The Church supplied food for the journey as well as the horses, but often they used their own animals, and at times three went together. They usually were away four or five days, according to the number of places visited. While those two or three were absent on their evangelistic journeys the others were not idle; many services were conducted in and around Bananal. Some of those students became ardent soul-winners; their chief delight appeared to be found in seeking out men and women for Christ. In spite of

opposition, and much slander from their own people who knew not the joy and salvation, these men had given Christ the supreme place in their lives. Some of the students required to be taught the rudimentary art of reading so that they might read the Scriptures to others. But most were then able to read and write, having been taught at our evening classes. Marcolino Lili, who as already stated strongly opposed our entrance into the village when first we arrived, became one of our finest preachers. He did not go on any of the evangelistic trips, but remained at home. He was unable to read or write, but when his turn came to take a service, he took with him Patricio, his youngest son, though only a mere lad. Standing on the platform Patricio announced the hymns or psalms and read the chapter from which his father intended to preach. The seed of the Kingdom so faithfully sown continues to bear grain, from which a golden harvest is being reaped. Patricio was one of our brightest scholars in the day school. A number of other churches were eager to have him act as Pastor in congregations among the Brazilians, as others of our young men have done. But Patricio turned down their tempting offers, preferring to remain with his own people and break to them the Bread of Life, while at the same time acting as teacher and informant for the Wycliffe Translators.

A DRUNKARD, A MURDERER, AND A WITCH-DOCTOR WON FOR
CHRIST

It has been truly said, "The greatest of all the sciences is that of salvation." The reason is that it was given by God to man in its finished and perfect state. That is why it has stood the ravages of time and the test of the ages. It stands today unchanged and as perfect as the day it came from the laboratory of the Almighty. It therefore needs no revision because its textbook is the infallible Word of an unchanging God. It is still the power of God unto salvation to all who believe. We have seen it transform the lives of drunkards, murderers, witch-doctors, and men and women of evil repute, as no other dynamic on earth could do. It recognises no colour bar, tribal mark, or national badge. Let me remind

the reader of four out of the hundreds of lives that have been transformed by the salvation of the grace of God, which has proved to be *the greatest* of all the sciences known to men.

Joao Francisco was a Brazilian who had for wife a Tereno Indian woman. His love for drink and the enticing allurements of sin held him in their grip. But the cisterns from which he drank could not quench the thirst of his soul, nor could he free himself from bondage. But Joao was induced to come to our services, and, as he listened to the sweet story of the Man of Calvary, the spirit of the Lord began to work in his soul. Sin and the coming judgment became living realities, and burdened with a sense of guilt he sought mercy and pardon. All these he found at the feet of the Redeemer. Being made anew, he claimed power from the Saviour that would enable him to resist temptation and loyally follow his Lord. He immediately erected the family altar where he, his wife and others gathered round the Word of God, and waited at the Mercy Seat in prayer. He became not one of our most eloquent preachers, but a diligent and successful seeker for souls. No matter what topic of conversation entered into by a stranger, Joao had a delightful manner, which gave no offence, of turning the conversation to the Gospel and of giving a heart-to-heart talk about that which concerned his listener's soul. He and Mr. Halverson (a new missionary from the U.S.A.) did extensive colportage work. On their first journey they covered a large part of Southern Matto Grosso, visiting homes and holding meetings wherever possible. Many Bibles and New Testaments were sold, and on that one trip more than fifty men and women made profession of faith in Christ. The tragedy was that, owing to the lack of workers, we were unable to follow up the good work begun.

Osvaldo, Joao Francisco's companion in most things that were evil, was a mestizo, his father a Negro, the offspring of slaves imported from Africa, while his mother was a pure-blooded Tereno Indian. Osvaldo, hearing the Gospel proclaimed, responded to the Saviour's claim. From that time onward he visited Joao Francisco's house in the evenings where they gathered for

prayer and Bible study. Joao was the only one who could read. He read a chapter to his wife and Osvaldo while they listened with close attention. After reading, the three discussed the portion read. Should they come to a verse the meaning of which was too difficult to understand they brought their problem to the missionary to have it explained. The result was that through this meditation and waiting together in prayer their spiritual life developed rapidly. Being established and well grounded in the Scriptures, they became outstanding workers for their Lord and Master whom they delighted to serve. When we opened a new field among the degraded Bororo Indians on the Sao Lorenzo river, a thousand miles, more or less, from Bananal, Osvaldo and Izidro, another Tereno Indian convert, were the first foreign missionaries from among the Terenos with Mr. Thomas to begin work in that dark neglected region. In due time Mr. Thomas required to leave the field for health reasons, but Osvaldo continued to carry on the work alone begun so many years ago.

Another trophy of grace was Joao Correnties, a Brazilian Gipsy from the State of Pernambuco, a bad, ill-tempered, drinking ruffian and murderer to boot; by trade a gunman—one who hires himself for a small sum of money to any person wishing to dispatch an enemy without risking his own life—Joao had forsaken Elena, with whom he had lived, but, becoming ill, was glad to receive attention from her. They came to the Mission House seeking medicine and were invited to the services in Bananal. Hearing the Gospel proclaimed for the first time, their interest was aroused. Joao appeared to be more keen than Elena, who was a witch-doctor. She endeavoured to hinder him in his search for deliverance from the guilt and power of sin which began to weigh heavily on his mind and conscience. At last he told her that he desired to give up drink and his evil habits and follow the Gospel; should she refuse to do the same she was free to go her own way. Elena, however, continued to accompany him to the services; the Holy Spirit began to operate in her life in such a manner that she too earnestly desired emancipation from the fetters by which she was bound. On Sabbath 12th June, 1921,

Joao, the Brazilian Gipsy, expressed his desire to follow the Lord, and Elena, who like Joao could no longer resist the wooing love and tender pleading of the Man of Calvary, standing by her husband's side, sought to know more clearly the way of Salvation and Life. When the way into the Kingdom was explained, Elena seemed to grasp the meaning more easily than Joao. When at last the Light dawned upon their darkened souls, they went away rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven; the past was blotted out. They received the full assurance that they had passed from Death unto Life, and were therefore "heirs of God."

Chapter Thirty

AMONG THE FIGHTING CAGEVEAS

AS STATED in the previous chapter, Joao Correnties and his wife Elena had been lifted from the pit of sin and vice of the darkest hue. They had not only been slaves of drink and vice, but by their own confession were murderers. Joao, the gunman, had taken the lives of three men at least, but failed in his attempts to take the lives of others whom he desired to dispatch. Elena was a mestizo, her father being a Tereno and her mother a Cagevea. She was renowned for her power displayed in witchcraft, and evidently feared by many of her people. Her life on one occasion was threatened, first by shooting. When the bullet had no effect, the knife was used by one of her own tribesmen to take her life, but he failed in his attempts. In retaliation she attacked her would-be slayer with her incantations, with the result that his life was taken. Her brothers and friends advised her to leave the tribe for a time lest the relatives of the man whose life she had taken should wreak vengeance on her for the deed committed. The witch-doctor took their advice, and for thirteen long years never returned to her mother's people. She and Joao followed the feasts where they knew drink would be found in abundance without payment. At last they came to Bananal, and being ill came to the missionary for treatment. Having been treated and nursed by Miss Cameron, they, as already stated, were invited to the service, and by the grace of God were brought from heathen darkness into the Kingdom of Light. By their decision, under the power of the Holy Spirit, not only was their mode of conduct completely altered, but their very features were changed. Instead of enticing others to accom-

pany them on the downward path, their desire was, especially that of Elena, to lead others to the Saviour.

Some time after their conversion, when they were more firmly established in the Truth, Elena came to me and said, in effect, "Don Henrique, it is now thirteen years since I fled from my own people; I would like to visit them again, and let them know this wonderful story of the love of God and His power to save and transform sinful men and women. My people have never yet heard of Jesus or the Gospel you proclaim to the people in Bananal. I would like to go and tell my people the same story. Will you come with me?" I promised that earnest soul that I would certainly go with her, and that, just as soon as possible; and so I arranged a date when we would visit her people. But, owing to a political quarrel among some Brazilian ranchers, it was necessary to postpone the visit until the trouble died down, so that the object of our journey might not be frustrated by finding that the Indians had been lured away by the ranchers to help in the fight. The fighting took place some eighty miles from the Indian territory, where four men had been killed. As the Cageveas were famed for their fighting skill and thirst for blood, they were often employed by their political neighbours to accomplish their designs.

When the trouble had subsided, and there were no further reports of fighting, we determined to start on the long journey. Accordingly we set out by train, taking with us three horses. The train ride shortened the journey by three days. My companions were Elena and her husband Joao Correnties, formerly engaged as a gunman. Elena, the converted witch-doctor, was now returning to her people after committing her foul deed of murder, to make known to the fighting Cageveas the story of God's redeeming grace. As we journeyed Elena wished to know if she could sing to the people in their own language. "But, Elena," I protested, "your language is as yet unwritten; and you being unable to read or write, how therefore can you sing when there are no hymns written in the Cageveas' language?" "Oh, I know that," she replied, "but since I gave my heart to the

Lord I have translated a hymn to sing to my own people, should you think it right for me to do so." I asked her what hymn she had translated. Then she told me that it was one we often sang in Bananal, and she began to recite what she had translated from that soul-searching hymn written by F. R. Havergal—

I gave My life for thee; My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee; what hast thou given for Me?

My Father's home of light, My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night, for wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee; hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee—more than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony—to rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee; what canst thou bear for Me?

And I have brought to thee, down from My home above,
Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee; what has thou brought to Me?

"Yes," I said, "Elena, you sing that song to your own people." The wild bloodthirsty Cageveas had never heard such a wonderful story of condescending love.

So we travelled on together, a murderer on each side of me; two murderers, yes, but redeemed by the grace of God. Our first stopping place for the night was at a cattle-ranch owned by a French company, where we were cordially received and comfortably accommodated. The director of the fazenda, being a strong French Roman Catholic, would have nothing to do with the Gospel. But Joao and Elena had a hearty reception with the Gospel among the workmen, who eagerly listened to the plan of salvation.

The following morning we resumed our journey, and in the evening, after encountering heavy rain, arrived at Xatelodo, a

small fazenda where many Indians were employed. Among them were a few Chamococos, who formerly inhabited the Gran Chaco (the uncivilised portion of Paraguay). Joao and Elena made their abode with the Indians, while I required to remain with the man in charge of the cattle-ranch. I had been strongly advised not to proceed with our contemplated visit to the Cageveas as they were a wild, dangerous, bloodthirsty tribe. But we acted on the principle that we would not be forgotten nor forsaken by the Lord who sent us forth with His message to deliver. Perhaps those who gave the advice did not want the wild untutored Indians to hear the message of redeeming grace lest the bonds of semi-slavery in which they were held by some of the rancheros might be broken by the dynamic of the Gospel which the missionary proclaimed. The owner of the fazenda was not at home, but on our return journey we had an interview with him. Joao and Elena had scarcely dismounted when they were surrounded by a group of Indians who desired to know the object of our visit. This gave Elena an opportunity to tell the good News to all who gathered round. On visiting their huts later, I found the two busy explaining the way of Life to eager listeners; Elena in her own language, and Joao to the men who understood Portuguese.

In the evening of the following day we held our first service among the Cageveas; there, right up among the mountains, we endeavoured to sing the songs of Zion. My companions were not the most skilful in the art of music, nor were their vocal chords of the sweetest tone, but their hearts were true. The result was that with Elena on one side and Joao on the other, I found it at times difficult to keep on the proper tune. However, we did our best, with the result that when the singing commenced the numerous dogs assembled round the fire began to howl. These having been put to silence by kicks and blows, we continued the sweet song. Then Elena began to sing the hymn she had translated. Although the music resembled a witch-doctor's wail more than the original tune, her people were keenly interested and listened most attentively. Then we tried to tell them in the

simplest language the story of man's fall, his rebellion against his Creator, and his separation from God through sin, and of God's love for sinful men and women. It was a wonderful, yet humbling, experience to stand in the midst of those who had never heard the Gospel, to bring before them the reality of sin, of death, and a coming judgment, and of an eternity that will never end, then to tell them of God's marvellous love revealed in the gift of His Son to pay the price of man's redemption by His death on the Cross, and point them to the Lamb of God whose blood alone can cleanse the guilty soul from every sin. When finished, one felt somewhat embarrassed (perhaps through lack of faith) to see all present, men and women, trooping forward to express their desire to follow the Lord. Fearing that they did not understand the message given and what it entailed, we attempted to point out some of the difficulties they would encounter in the path, and what following the Lord meant; then we asked Elena to explain to them in their own language that the Christian life was one of self-denial; but to no purpose. On they came until every one in the audience expressed his or her desire to follow Christ as their Saviour. Never before had I such an experience.

The following morning, after commending those people to the Lord in prayer as they solemnly stood with bowed heads, we continued our journey and were soon in the Indian territory. After a short ride in the altitudes, the winding path led us a quick descent to the plains below. From there a short ride brought us to the first encampment, where we rested during the hottest part of the day. Elena found one of her sisters and two nephews in this village, who gave her a hearty welcome. They, with the rest of the inhabitants, inquired where we were going and why we had come so far. The object of our visit was then explained, and the way was thus opened for the Gospel message, which led to a similar experience of the previous evening.

After the extreme heat had passed, we set out for the village of Limawera, sixteen or eighteen miles further on. We were accompanied by one of Elena's nephews who acted as guide. He was Chief of the encampment. We had not gone very far when

we came to another house where two or three families resided, and to them we made known the word of life. Here, as in other places, the people were most responsive, and desired to follow in the way. After a time of prayer, we set forth once again and before nightfall reached Limawera. We were well received by the inhabitants and on entering one of the huts were regaled with a bountiful supply of water melons, which were enjoyed after the long ride in the sun.

This village is composed of two long houses or sheds. The one in which the Chief lived, and in which we slept, had eight family beds, all in a row, with a passage between each bed wide enough to admit the entrance of one person at a time. The beds were made in the usual Indian fashion; that is, four forked sticks are driven into the earth; two thick sticks are placed on these, the ends resting in the forks; smaller sticks or canes are placed close together on top, while over these a dry hide is thrown. The beds measure more or less six feet wide, so that the entire family, if not too numerous, can find accommodation. Some thirty families resided in this village. Formerly loin cloths were worn by the men, while the women had short skirts fastened round the waist. But only a few, mostly among the older folk, could be seen in that attire. The majority continue to wear strings of beads round their necks, arms and legs, and many had their faces painted with black pigment. The designs were more artistic than those of any other tribe we have met. But they had no facial marks such as the Guaranis, the Chamococos, the Lenguas, or many others that bear their distinctive tribal mark.

Their burial ground is situated in a remote part of their territory, far removed from any village or dwelling. The custom is to bury their dead close to the village till the flesh has decayed from off the bones. The bones are then exhumed and carried to their last resting place, far removed from their former dwelling. The reason is that the departed spirit is supposed to hover round the place where the bones lie. Thus if the bones rest at a great distance there is little fear that the spirit of the dead will return to molest the living.

One of the saddest things we encountered among the Cageveas was the small number of children to be seen. In a community of fifteen or more families, the children of school age and under could be counted on one's fingers. The greater number of the little ones are killed either before or after birth. On inquiring the reason for such wholesale murder of little ones, we were told that owing to their custom of unfaithfulness (as a rule, two never live very long together) the mother, being deserted by the father of the unborn child and not wishing to be encumbered, breaks the little one's neck at birth, if it is not successfully destroyed before birth. The tribe, as a consequence, is rapidly dying out. The Indians, though, maintained that the reduction of their numbers was largely due to the "grippe" that swept over the camp some few years previously and carried off many by death. There was doubtless much truth in this statement, but both men and women were solemnly warned of the consequences of the crime they were committing in the sight of God when they murdered the children He had given them. Truly pathetic was their reply, "We have done this in our ignorance, we did not know we were doing wrong, we had no one to tell us. When will you come back and tell us more?"

In the evening, when darkness had settled down and the Indians had gathered round, we commenced our service and told them of man's need of salvation and God's great plan of redemption. Elena usually sang her hymn and afterwards spoke to them in their own language, while Joao also gave his testimony. The service was prolonged, for the people listened with keen interest to the sweet story of Calvary as it was unfolded to them for the first time. The way was made plain, and the many difficulties the Christian encounters in his daily life were explained. But in spite of the difficulties of cross-bearing, they declared with one accord that from henceforth they would serve the Lord and abandon their old customs and vices.

The next morning the people circled round for prayer and with reverence stood with bowed heads as they were commended to Him who carries the lambs in His arms. We then set out for

another village conducted by the man in charge of Limawera, the guide of the previous day returning to his own village.

Our destination was Nalique, the largest village where the Captain or Chief of the tribe lived. Toward midday we arrived at a small village and rested during the hottest part of the day. This provided us with another opportunity to tell the Gospel story to earnest listeners, with a similar response to that of previous days. We continued our journey in the afternoon and arrived at Nalique near sundown. The Chief was not at home, but his substitute, Abicha by name, gave us a cordial welcome. There were more families at this village, but the dearth of children was just as apparent here as at the other places visited. These people were steeped in vice of the lowest description. We were led to believe that the Chief, though advanced in years, led them downward on the way to ruin. He had gone, his people said, to a place some eighty miles away to purchase rum and bring it back to the village. Practically all his cattle and possessions had gone for drink. He was the only Chief of the tribe. Sub-chiefs were appointed by him to take charge of other villages and compounds, but all submitted to his rule and implicitly obeyed his commands. If this man had turned to the Lord, what a great influence for good he might be among the members of the tribe. But being absent he did not have an opportunity to hear the story of redeeming grace.

The people listened attentively to what we had to tell, and later in the evening, at the close of the service, the whole community professed their eagerness to take their stand for Christ. What could we do or say but give thanks. We had seen strange things happen among those bloodthirsty Cageveas. Here was the greater part of a tribe, on hearing the story of the Man of Galilee for the first time, declaring their desire to follow the Lord. Never in our wanderings among many tribes and nations have we found before or since a people so ripe for the Gospel message as were those Cagevea Indians. We were aware that they understood very, very little, having heard the good News but once, but who will say that at least some of the many who professed faith in

Christ, like the Philippian jailer, or the penitent thief on the Cross, have not entered into the Kingdom through faith in the Redeemer?

We visited all their villages with the exception of two that lay far from our path. From the information gathered on our journey, we reckoned there were not more than three hundred alive at that time of that fairly numerous and war-like tribe.

After spending some more days among that neglected people, we left their camp and set our faces homeward to the work at Bananal, where my wife and Miss Cameron and also Mr. Halverson were bravely holding the fort. We promised, in response to the earnest solicitations of the Cageveas, to send Joao and Elena back to spend at least a month among them so that they might hear more regarding the eternal truths which God has revealed in His Word. Some time after our return a deputation of eight Cageveas, some of whom we had not met when we were there, came to Bananal to hear again the Gospel message we had proclaimed. We learned from them that the evil one was already busy sowing tares by a certain high official and other agents of Satan who sought to rob them of the Truth they had heard and to keep them in the darkness of semi-slavery and superstition. But in spite of the adversary many were standing true, desiring to follow the Lord cost what it might. We were told of one who was a renowned expert tiger hunter, from whom we had bought a tiger skin, and who had professed faith in Christ when we visited them. This man, we were told, was mounted on his ox riding along the path which skirted the forest when suddenly a tiger sprang at the ox; he was thrown to the ground. But the tiger, instead of attacking him or wounding the ox, stood by their side a few moments, then quietly turned away and trotted into the forest. "I know," said this recently converted man with the childlike faith, "I know the tiger did not kill me because I had put my trust in Christ, and He would not permit the beast to take my life." Those men, though but babes in Christ, were strong in faith.

We had hoped that Elena, one of their own converted witch-

doctors, would become God's chosen servant, with her husband Joao, to carry on the work already begun. She and her husband returned and spent a month teaching those young converts, and leading others into the light of truth. They returned to Bananal with a most encouraging report, delighted with the work the Lord had wrought. We hoped that they would soon go back to Elena's people for a longer period. But thus it is written, "My thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." And so in humble submission we required to bow before the Lord and say, "Not our will, but Thine, O Lord, be done." For Elena, that transformed witch-doctor, whose face shone with the light God had planted in her soul, was destined for a different field of service. She was stricken with the fell disease of cancer. Miss Cameron, our Canadian nurse and faithful colleague with Mrs. Whittington, did all for her that was humanly possible. The last time we visited her she was unconscious, with Joao keeping watch by her side. Turning his tear-stained face to us he asked, "Is it true Jesus requires her more than I?" Yet, notwithstanding his deep sorrow, he was resigned. Elena had fought a good fight, she had finished her course, she had kept the Faith, and having done so, the Lord took her home to become a jewel in the Saviour's crown. Marcolino, the Chief, took charge of the funeral arrangements, and preached to a large gathering of people in their own language. The following day I conducted the funeral service at the graveside, when a goodly number of those with whom Elena consorted prior to her conversion were present, as well as the members of the congregation and other friends. They listened attentively to the story of Calvary's triumphant conquest in the life of our departed sister and faithful friend.

Chapter Thirty-One

THE ERECTION OF A NEW CHURCH BUILDING

OUR great need at that time was a new church building which would give sufficient seating accommodation for all who came to the services. Already Joaoquimsinho's house, which he placed at our disposal and which, since that date, had received two extensions, but, as the congregation had increased, the building was too small to admit all who desired to attend, it was therefore necessary to erect one that would accommodate all who came.

We had hoped that the year 1922 would be one of expansion and progress not only in the evangelisation of the inhabitants dwelling in the far-flung districts for which we were humanly responsible, but also to consolidate the work in Bananal and prepare for greater expansion in the coming days. We had hoped that the new church building would be erected by the end of the year, but instead of the building being completed, we were, through adverse circumstances, unable to commence making the bricks until the latter part of the year. The reason for the delay and lack of progress could be attributed to the complete failure of the crops through drought. Many of the Indians required to leave the reservation for a time and seek employment elsewhere in order to procure food and clothing for their families, and so were unable to give us the desired help. We therefore decided to postpone building operations until later.

Early in the spring and right on through the summer, large numbers of men were called away to help on the construction of a government road running from Camp Grande to Ponto Pora on the border of Paraguay. This took away a number of our most reliable members and many of the native preachers. The men did

not return until the end of the year. This naturally handicapped the extension we had hoped to see carried out, and hindered the progress of the work in many ways.

Notwithstanding the many drawbacks and the difficulties encountered, the work continued to advance. But in 1922 we were confronted with the saddest experience encountered since coming to South America. Earlier in that year we were gladdened by the arrival of two new missionaries from the U.S.A.—Messrs. Halverson and Steiner, two men of God who were eminently qualified for pioneering work such as that in which we were engaged. Some six months after arrival Mr. Steiner complained of trouble which indicated appendicitis. As Mr. Thomas (who had accompanied the two new workers from Rio de Janeiro on his return from furlough to begin work among the Bororo Indians) was still in Bananal, he was able to accompany Mr. Steiner to the Evangelical Hospital in Rio de Janeiro, where, on arrival, an operation was immediately performed. Two weeks later, when on our way to church, we received a telegram stating that our beloved brother and fellow labourer had been called to higher service, having passed to his reward on the 15th November. There were sore hearts that day in the lonely outpost in the wilds of Matto Grosso. A brother beloved by all, called, and pre-eminently fitted for pioneering in that needy land, had been called from our midst. The first to lay down his life for the Indians of Matto Grosso! He was faithful to his Lord, devoted to the work, true, courageous and gentle. Our children, who delighted to be with him at all times and with whom he loved to play, were greatly distressed on receipt of the sad news.

Owing to the many delays and hindrances we were unable to proceed with the erection of our much-needed church building as we had planned.

However, we at last began to make progress. The stones for the foundation—one hundred loads—were quarried and carted to the site, and preparation for brickmaking was begun. First, a large shed required to be erected and a brick-kiln made in which to burn the bricks, also a mixer with which to break the brick-clay

into the proper consistency. In all this work I was ably assisted by Mr. Halverson, who was expert in most things which required to be done. We also had an Indian who was most faithful and helpful in the work. Our little son George likewise played an important part in the art of brickmaking by keeping the two bullocks constantly at their task of turning the mixer to make the brick-clay ready for the moulds.

While we were busy with brickmaking, the village carpenter—one of the native preachers—had been engaged to prepare the beams and rafters to fit the drawing we had designed for the building. The heavy cross-beams had been cut and dragged from the forest, also the rafters and wood for the doors and window-frames and door-posts, as well as timber for the same, required to be sawn; all these things were accomplished by the Church members under the supervision of Henrique, the village carpenter.

As the design of the building was of ample proportion to accommodate so many people and the time at our disposal so limited, we decided to engage a bricklayer from outside the reservation—who was also an Indian believer—to do the construction and thus set us free for other duties, and enable us to devote more time to the spiritual needs of the community. The task of making our “tale of bricks” was completed and all were safely stacked ready for use, and the long-looked-for erection of our church building began. I had already laid the foundations, so the walls under the hands of the bricklayer rose higher daily.

But neither my wife nor myself, who had witnessed so many souls gathered out of heathenism and transformed by the grace of God, and who had the privilege of seeing the *first Indian Church in all Brazil* established, was destined to see the church building completed, though it was well on its way toward completion before we had to leave the scene where many bitter conflicts were waged, and mighty triumphs, yea glorious triumphs accomplished by the grace of God alone.

Chapter Thirty-Two

A STRUGGLE FOR VICTORY AND A JOYOUS FAREWELL

SEEING that the work among the Tereno Indians had been firmly established, the Director of the Mission urged me to leave Bananal and take up important work at Headquarters in Edinburgh, but the need around us was so indescribably great, the labourers so few, and the needs of the people so pressingly urgent, that we felt leaving the Field just at that time would not be, for us, the will of God. True we had just received a new worker in the person of Miss Hazel Long from Denver, Colorado. But it was necessary that she acquire a rudimentary grasp of the language before engaging in much aggressive work. Then an urgent call came from the British and Foreign Bible Society pleading with us to release Mr. Halverson for a prolonged colportage trip similar to that taken by him before, but in a different direction. The call was urgent and one felt that it would be against the will of the Lord to refuse this request. So Miss Long was inducted into the school sooner, perhaps, than she would otherwise have been. That relieved Mr. Halverson and permitted him to answer the call from the B.F.B.S. In due time, accompanied by his faithful Brazilian companion Joao Francisco, who had been with him on a former trip, he set off through the wilds of Matto Grosso, eastward toward the line bordering on Goyaz State, then northward and westward, visiting ranchos, towns, and villages on the way. Many Bibles and New Testaments were sold, and portions of Scripture distributed which, doubtless, would enter homes and places where the missionary could not go. They returned to Bananal with gladness of heart rejoicing that many, on hearing the Gospel explained, turned from darkness to light.

In the meantime the missionary in Bananal with his wife, Miss Cameron and Miss Long were kept busy. My wife and Miss Cameron conducted the two meetings, one for women and the other for young people. The native preachers required to receive further instruction in Biblical knowledge, and the usual services were conducted, while Miss Cameron attended the sick and suffering. It was then, when we were so busily engaged, and the workers so few, that the adversary, who was fast losing those he had claimed as his own, sought again to hinder the work of the Lord by erecting a seemingly insurmountable barrier which would make the work in which we were engaged more difficult. Strong drink was one of the Indians' besetting vices. If Satan could entice the Indians from listening to the Gospel by strong drink he would gain a decided victory.

The owner of the land near to the Mission Station (son of the person who gave us the site) possessed a large plantation of sugar cane. This he let out to two strangers (Brazilians) to erect a distillery for the distilling of native rum, an easy way of making money in Brazil. We could do nothing to hinder them from carrying out their design. They were citizens of a free country where a licence for such business was not required. But we could pray, and this we did. When a whole Church gets on her knees in prayer marvellous things can happen. Knowing that believing prayer and work go hand in hand, so that the weak things of the world can assist God to answer prayer, we not only kept on praying but used every opportunity to invite those strangers to the services. The owners of the distillery refused to attend, but one of their most reliable workmen came. The Spirit of the Lord, as at creation, began to move upon the chaotic state of his darkened soul; the light of the glorious Gospel shone into his life; where darkness formerly reigned, chaos was transformed into order, and the darkness of death into life. He became a new creation in Christ Jesus. The light which God implanted in his soul was permitted to shine ever so bright. He took a decided stand for the Lord, and in spite of opposition kept going forward. He introduced the New Testament to the wife of one of the masters who

was willing to listen as he read from God's Word. She became so interested in what she heard read that she began to attend the services. After a time she became a seeking soul, and unable to resist the claims of the Saviour's love yielded to Him her life. Not willing to keep the good news to herself, she induced her husband and the wife of the other partner to attend. Soon the wife of the other partner sought and found the Saviour. God was answering prayer, but greater things were yet to be accomplished. The husband of the first woman who took her stand for Christ, seeing his need of pardon and a new life, sought cleansing and mercy from the Saviour and obtained all that his soul desired. The other partner, seeing what the Lord had done for his wife, and for his co-partner and his wife, became burdened with a sense of his sin and guilt, could no longer resist the claims of Jesus Christ, and having surrendered his life to the Lord took his stand for truth and righteousness.

Now that the two distillers and their wives and chief workman had become followers of the Lord, the question confronting them was, what should they do with the distillery? They were convinced that they could not serve the Lord and, at the same time, continue to make that which was destroying the lives of men. So those men, after due consideration, decided to transform their distillery into a factory for refining sugar. Thus, by the grace of God in answer to prayer, a notable victory was won. To the Lord pertaineth the praise, honour and glory, for as in the days of old "He doeth all things well."

Once again the Pillar began to show signs of moving forward, beckoning us to follow. We felt that the time had come for us to take up the work at Headquarters as the Director desired. Mr. A. R. Hay, who had spent a considerable time among the Tereno Indians while we were on furlough, was free to take the oversight of the work at Bananal and district. We therefore began to make preparations for our homeward journey, which, perhaps, was one of the most heart-rending tasks that had crossed our path for many years. It was no easy thing to pull up our roots which had become so deeply embedded in the soil, and leave a people we

had learned to love, and who had witnessed the dynamic of God's saving and transforming grace operating in the lives of so many who until our coming had never heard the Gospel proclaimed. One cannot easily forget that last service we had the privilege of conducting in Bananal. The building was packed to capacity. The people came to meet us as a Christian gathering for the last time on earth. The old witch-doctor who sought to slay us after we came was present, as also were his wife, once a witch-doctor like himself; his only daughter, the first woman to be baptised, and his son-in-law, the Chief of Bananal; also his two sons and a number of his grandchildren, all on the Lord's side. At the close of that never-to-be-forgotten service, we had the joy of kneeling beside that old witch-doctor, our one-time would-be murderer, and of pointing him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. That evening he professed faith in Christ as his Saviour and Lord. And so another precious jewel was won for the Saviour's crown. "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things; His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory." There was much cause for gladness, yet our hearts nevertheless were not free from sadness. We would never again have the privilege of taking a walk through the streets of Bananal at sundown, and of hearing, coming from one house and another, the sound of a song of praise arising from the hearts of men and women, young and old, giving thanks unto God as they assembled round the family altar.

When the day of departure arrived, toward the end of October, 1925, a great concourse of people was waiting at the railway station. When goodbyes and embraces had been received and given, the words of a farewell hymn rang out over the gathered throng both of believers and unbelievers. Though starting time had arrived, the guard held up the train till our parting song was finished. Then his whistle sounded, and soon the beloved people of Bananal were lost to view, but not to our minds or hearts where their memory still lives. But the work begun under such adverse circumstances continues to grow and spread into many regions.

Numerous congregations have been gathered in, and churches established in various districts. That which was hitherto unknown in Brazil has come to pass, for those Indian converts who formerly were regarded with contempt by the Brazilians are now eagerly sought after as Evangelists and some have become Native Pastors of Brazilian churches. These men, who by the grace of God, have been transformed from heathenism, are now ambassadors of Jesus Christ beseeching men and women to be "reconciled to God."



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